

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 620.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1828.

PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Modern Traveller; a popular Description, geographical, historical, and topographical, of the various Countries of the Globe.*—INDIA, in 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

We have already had frequent occasion to notice this work in its progress, and always with admiration of its merits—the extraordinary quantity of intelligence condensed into its pages, the extensive and interesting nature of its researches, and the spirit and taste by which its editor contrived to render the necessary details of his learned and laborious performance fully as entertaining as if he had written it with a view to pass away the lighter hours of his reader.

For the graver student, who desires in his library to trace the track of the more adventurous wanderers through the earth, this work contains the amplest and most accurate materials. The statistics, geology, natural history, and the general peculiarities and powers of the different great regions of the earth, are given with striking diligence and extent of information. For the wanderer himself, we know no such companion; its portability rendering it convenient for all, however limited in point of room, its variety animated, and amusing, and its accuracy and research superseding the whole ponderous freight of partial, imperfect, or contradictory tours, which make the encumbrance and the perplexity of every traveller who is careless enough of his own comfort to encumber himself with them. We speak within the most cautious bounds, when we say, that in any one volume of this work the traveller will find more of the actual material of which he stands in need,—the real, distinct, matter-of-fact information,—than in any ten “voyages and travels” to the same region. Its size allows it to be carried in his pocket; its publication in separate parts permits the description of every region to be complete, from Poland to Peru; and the simplicity and fulness of its arrangement rendering more voluminous authorities almost totally unnecessary.

But while to the individual traveller separate portions may be chiefly of immediate value, to the general student, the public teacher, the mother instructing her children, the father looking for the very best order of family reading for his winter fire-side, the military library, whether in garrison or on service, the sea-officer’s cabin,—the whole series offers a gratification and a use, which we know not where else they could find; but, above all, this division is of itself the most valuable publication with which the voyage to India could be adorned and instructed, whether by merchant, civil or military officer, cadet, or female passenger.

We think the work would make a most advantageous addition to the village lending-libraries, which are now spreading so extensively under the auspices of the friends of the lower orders; that it would form one of the most productive prizes at the examinations of our public schools; and that, in the present improving system of

private and public education, in which the knowledge of other countries is evidently essential to the acquirements of the accomplished scholar, no better text-book could be found.

Those who have been in the habit of looking at our criticisms will be satisfied that, when we offer our tribute of praise to a performance, it is only from a sense of its merits; those who are not, we refer to the work itself; and, as the last specimen, to the portion immediately published, and now lying before us—*India*.

In our limited space, we must confine ourselves to a statement of the points which render this portion of the *Modern Traveller* of peculiar importance. It contains a very minute and comprehensive history of India, which is to be found complete in no other work; the several histories which have hitherto appeared limiting themselves to separate parts of the country or its dynasties. Thus we have histories of British India, Mahometan India, Central India, &c.; the present work combining the facts of all, and descending from the earliest period of ancient annals to the year 1823. The authorities are always given, so that the reader desirous of extending his researches on particular points is furnished with a guide; and, by the editor’s notices of the discrepancies and character of the several writers, the chance of error, in following a peculiar guide, is nearly extinguished.

Of the minuteness of this history, the best judgment may be formed from its extent. In the usual manner of printing, it would fill three large octavo volumes. The contents of the four volumes exhibit a singular industry in the collection, and condensation in the quantity, of valuable matter.

The first volume contains—A View of the Physical Geography of the Country; of the Natural History, the Vegetable and Mineral Productions, &c.; and among the rest, many curious illustrations of the Natural History of Scripture.\* A brief View of the

\* For example: “Sugar has been cultivated in India from time immemorial. The name of Gaur, the ancient capital of Bengal, a city highly celebrated in Indian history, is supposed to be derived from *gur*, which, in both the ancient and the modern languages, signifies raw sugar. That the cane was an article of commerce in very early times, appears from the references to this production by the Jewish prophets. (See Isa. xlii. 24; Jer. vi. 20.) In the Periphus, sugar is described as *Μέλι παλάμινον τὸ λεγόμενον σακχαρί*, honey from canes, called *sacchari*. Pliny says: ‘Arabia produces *saccharum*, but the best is in India: it is a honey collected from reeds, a sort of white gum, brittle between the teeth: the largest places do not exceed the size of a hazel-nut, and it is used only in medicine.’—Lib. xii. c. 8. *Sarcara* or *saccara*, we are told, is the Sanscrit term for manufactured sugar. Dr. Vincent, on the authority of a paper in the Asiatic Researches, gives, as the Sanscrit word, *śukra-sara*, and supposes that from the two middle syllables the Arabic *shukra* or *shakar* was formed. It is agreed, that sugar and rice come from the Arabic; the Saracens and Arabians having propagated the cane in their conquests. From Egypt, it was carried into Sicily, which, in the twelfth century, supplied many parts of Europe with that commodity; and from Sicily it appears to have travelled westward, to Spain, the Canaries, Hispaniola, and Brazil. The noun *شکر* *shakar*, occurs nineteen times in the Hebrew Scriptures, and is uniformly translated strong drink, in distinction from wine. Some sort of mead or fermented liquor may be intended; but it is very possible that a saccharine spirit was obtained from the syrup of the cane (still exported under the name of *jaghery*), to which that name was given, and that the verb *shakar*, was made from the noun. The Greek *sakos*, and Latin *sicera*, have obviously a

similar etymology; and possibly, *שכר*, a fig, may, in like manner, be derived from its saccharine quality.”

The second volume contains that portion most interesting to ourselves,—the History of British India, from a large collection of many of the same as well as other authorities;—Malcolm, Wilks, Duff, Blacker, Mill, Prinsep, &c. &c.

Volume the third completes the History down to 1823; and comprises also—The topographical Description of Eastern India, and the Himalayah Mountains.

The fourth volume comprises Western India, the Deccan, Southern India, and Ceylon.

In addition to all the usual materials of description and history, are introduced valuable tables of the provincial divisions, &c.; lists of the last authorities upon the peculiar subjects; a glossary, &c. &c.

Of the style we must adduce but a few specimens. Its general tenour is, as it ought to be, that of a writer feeling the value of succinctness and simplicity. But it contains frequent evidences, that on a subject where he was less fastened down by the fetters of the work, he could display the powers of a vigorous and picturesque pen. We give the animated description of Sevajee,—one of those singular beings that, from time to time, start up in the intellectual desert, as if to give assurance that the powers of the human mind are not dead but sleeping, even in the indolence of India:

“Sevajee seems to have aspired to be the restorer of the Hindoo faith, as well as of the national independence. In his correspondence and manifestos, he frequently styled himself the champion of the gods against the impious violator of their temples; and by this means he sharpened the antipathy of his troops against the Moguls. He affected the deepest reverence for his Brahmins, and was punctilious in the observance of his devotions. His private life was simple even to parsimony; and his manners, towards his own subjects, were free from ostentation, kind, and endearing. Respected as the guardian of the nation he had formed, he moved every where among them with unassuming security, often alone; while his wives were the continual terror of the states with which he was at enmity, even in the midst of their citadels and armies. In personal activity, he exceeded Baber himself; and to undaunted courage he added the most

similar etymology; and possibly, *שכר*, a fig, may, in like manner, be derived from its saccharine quality.”

“The peacock, Mr. Pennant says, inhabits most parts of India, adding highly to the beauty of its rich forests, as well as some of the islands, as high as lat. 31° 14', if it is yet found on the Hauvee. Asian states, that it was imported from India into Greece by the barbarians. A *drachma* (about 392). Samos appears to have been one of the first places in Europe to which they were brought: here they were preserved about the temple of Juno, being sacred to that goddess, as they are in India to Kartikay, the son of Shiva and Doorga. Their use was, however, subsequently permitted to mortals; and Gellius, in the *Noctes Attice*, commends the excellency of the Samian peacocks. They were known in Judea many years before the era of Alexander, being enumerated among the precious things imported by the Tharshish fleets in their three years’ voyage to and from Ophir.—1 Kings, x. 22. 2 Chron. ix. 21. Harmer, after Roland and others, would make *thakim* (or *tugim*) to be Ethiopian parrots; but Bochart has proved the propriety of the received rendering. On the Malabar coast, the name of the peacock is said to be still *thakim*.”

fertile resources of stratagem. He met every emergency of peril, however sudden or extreme, with instant discernment and unshaken fortitude; but, while equal to the encounter of any danger, he always preferred to surmount it by circumvention. If this was impracticable, no arm exceeded his in open daring, and the boast of the soldier was to have seen Sevajee charging sword in hand. The two circumstances to which, next to his personal courage and activity, he was chiefly indebted for his extraordinary success, were, the superior excellence and discipline of his cavalry, and his extensive system of secret intelligence. The cavalry of the three Mahomedan states were always drawn from the northern countries and borders of India, with especial regard to their strength and size; and their shock was not to be resisted by any of the native cavalry in the south of Delhi. To this cause, all the conquests made by the Mahomedans in the southern provinces may be ascribed. Sevajee first discerned the necessity of establishing a cavalry, of which the requisites were agility and endurance of fatigue.

Besides the supplies obtained by purchase and capture, studs were raised from the most approved breeds. The horses were rode without a saddle by men lightly accoutred, their only weapon being the sabre. Footmen, inured to travel, bearing all kinds of arms, trooped with the cavalry; and spare horses were always taken, to bring off the booty, and to relieve the weary and wounded. All gathered their daily provisions as they passed. No pursuit could overtake their march. In conflict, their onset fell wheresoever they chose, and was sometimes relinquished in the instant of charge. Whole districts were in flames before their approach was known. But, although such measures were sometimes resorted to, in order to strike terror, and no quarter was given in case of resistance, they were not wanton in bloodshed; and in towns, they sought only the wealthy inhabitants, to carry them off for future ransom. Sevajee was, it is true, nothing better than a captain of banditti; but the Mahratta was mild and merciful, in comparison with the ferocious Mogul. His object was plunder, not extermination, and he effected more by stratagem than by violence. Sevajee spared no cost to obtain intelligence of all the motions of his enemy; and the accuracy and minuteness of his local information, form one of the most striking features in his predatory system. He was still more profuse in corrupting the generals with whom he contended. The Mogul governors of Surat, the subahdars of the Deccan, and even Sultan Maumun himself, are reported to have accepted, more than once, the gold of Sevajee as the price of their connivance. The Hindoo had not the polished mind, the comprehensive views, the chivalrous character of Baber, Aurungzebe's illustrious ancestor; but, in boldness, activity, and enterprise, he was his equal, and he excelled him in stratagem and policy. Aurungzebe could not suppress the emotions of his joy on hearing of his death, but, at the same time, he bore this striking testimony to his genius. 'He was a great captain, and the only one who has had the management to raise a new kingdom, while I have been endeavouring to destroy the ancient sovereignties of India. My armies have been employed against him for nineteen years, and, nevertheless, his state has been always increasing.' At the time of his death, Sevajee's dominions comprised, on the western side of India, all the coast, with the back country of the hills, from

the river Mirzeon to Versal, with the exception of the small territory of Goa to the south, Bombay and Salsette, and the Portuguese possessions between Bassein and Damaun on the north; an extent of about 400 miles in length by 120 in breadth. At the distance of 300 miles from this territory, he was in possession, towards the eastern sea, of half the Carnatic, which was of itself equal to most of the Indian sovereignties."

As a contrast to this daring freebooter, we select the intelligent and elegant sketch of a great Imperial Indian, a man whose influence swayed the whole extent of Mahomedan India, was acknowledged by the European princes, and whose name is to this hour one of popular homage through the East.

"It is difficult to hold the pen steady in attempting to do justice to the character of this able monarch, who has been held up in opposite representations, as a monster of cruelty and hypocrisy on the one hand, and a model for sovereigns on the other. It is remarked, that he attained the throne by deposing his father and murdering his brothers; but Shah Jehan had already resigned the empire to Dara, when the fratricidal contest began; nor was the conqueror the only criminal. Shah Jehan, too, had himself rebelled against his father, and had sealed his own accession by the murder of unoffending rivals. But Aurungzebe is accused of having assumed the mask of religious austerity in order to gain the throne. That he was an ascetic and a rigid moslem, is true; but if he was a hypocrite, 'we cannot but admire, to adopt the remark of Mr. Maurice, 'the unshaken fortitude with which, during so prolonged a life, he submitted to privations of every kind, while presiding in the most luxurious court, and wielding the richest sceptre of Asia.' Of the four brothers, Dara was suspected of Hindooism; Sujah was a libertine; Morad, a drunkard; and Aurungzebe was assuredly the most respectable. Bernier informs us, that the fate of Dara was decided upon in a council of omrahs, and that those who insisted upon the necessity of his death, urged, that he had long abandoned the religion of Mohammed; and we are told, on another authority, that it was his attachment to the Brahmins, together with a work which he wrote in defence of the Vedas, that cost him the empire. Aurungzebe was a persecutor: he attempted to effect the conversion of the Hindoos by the sword. But, in our reprobation of his sanguinary zeal, we must recollect, that he acted consistently with his principles as a moslem, not in defiance of them. Those writers who affect surprise that a Mogul sovereign should not have displayed a spirit of enlightened toleration towards his idolatrous subjects, seem to forget the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the recent date of our own Toleration Act. When it is recollected that Aurungzebe was the contemporary of Louis XIV. and of the Stuarts, it will hardly be contended that, on this point, the Mahomedan emperor discovered less liberality or humanity than most of the Christian sovereigns of his day. Aurungzebe is represented by the author of the *Alumchire Namah*, as naturally mild and affable in his manners; in his disposition, placable and humane; in his judicial administration, indefatigably vigilant and impartially just. When he appeared in public, he clothed his features with a complacent benignity; and those who had trembled at his name, found themselves at ease in his presence. In support of this representation of his character, it is mentioned to his honour, that capital punishments were almost unknown during his

reign. The traveller Gemelli, who saw him at Bejapore in 1695, gives a pleasing description of his venerable appearance. In stature, rather below the middle size, of a slender make, an olive complexion, with an aquiline nose and a white beard, he walked leaning on a staff formed like a crossier; for age had in some degree bowed his back, though it had not dimmed the lustre of his eye. Benignity reigned in his features, and his manners were still marked by affability. His dress was always plain and simple. Except upon public festivals, the vest he wore seldom exceeded the value of eight rupees; nor were his sash and tiara loaded with jewels. In camp, he was the most indefatigable man of his army; the first to rise, and the last to retire to rest; and in his younger days, he generally slept on the bare ground, wrapped in a tiger-skin. He was, at the same time, remarkably cleanly both in his person and his dress. His diet consisted, for the most part, of herbs and pulse; no fermented liquor ever passed his lips. He spent little time in the seraglio; and though, according to the custom of the country, he maintained a number of women, it was only as a part of imperial state, as he, in fact, contented himself with his lawful wives. He was the severe enemy of immoralities of every description. He discouraged gambling and drunkenness, both by prohibition and example; and the long train of dancers and singers, actors and buffoons, in which his father Shah Jehan had taken so much delight, were banished from his court as destructive of morals and degrading to majesty. His public buildings partook of the character of his mind: they were useful, rather than splendid. At every stage from Caulul to Aurungabad, and from Gujerat to Bengal, he built and maintained caravanserais, furnished at the public expense. In all the principal cities, he founded universities; in the inferior towns, he erected schools. He also built and endowed numerous hospitals for the poor and maimed. He was the liberal patron and frequent correspondent of learned men throughout his dominions, and was himself not the least accomplished prince of the house of Timour. He was master of the Persian and Arabic languages, and he wrote the Tourki and most of the Indian dialects with ease and elegance. Many of the government despatches, written with his own hand, are remarkable for brevity and precision; and he is reported always to have corrected the diction of his secretaries. He understood and encouraged agriculture; was thoroughly versed in all the details of his vast empire; and the unfortunate and distressed invariably found a resource in the wise policy or bounty of the sovereign. Although his revenues amounted to thirty-two millions sterling, he left in his private treasury little more than 7,000*l.*, of which, in his last will, he ordered 1,000 rupees (125*l.*) to be distributed among the poor at his funeral. He directed his burial to be conducted without pomp, his tomb to be low and simple, like those of dervishes; and desired his 'fortunate children' to give themselves no concern about a monument. Such a man deserves a better name than that of either bigot or hypocrite, tyrant or monster. If he is to be judged of by comparison, it would be difficult to find a despotic reign of half a century, stained by fewer crimes on the part of the monarch, or marked by a more laudable attention to the general interests and improvement of the empire."

We ought to say that these volumes also contain a well-executed map, and a number of engravings of the principal buildings, &c. in a very finished style of the basin.



Before closing our remarks, however, on this small, but very complete and excellent work, we have to add to our eulogy upon it, the farther praise of the good sense which it displays in having abstained from politics and legal disquisitions; and in substituting for such fruitless and disputative matter, very valuable information, of a literary and scientific description, derived from a diligent examination of the Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay Philosophical Transactions, and other sources not generally accessible; and also diversifying the drier details with characteristic and national features of an entertaining kind. But the Editor's concluding reflections will perhaps better satisfy our readers than any other extract; and we insert them, not only as our finale, but as a lucid and able view of British India, to the present epoch.

"About two-thirds of India are now under the direct management of the three presidencies. The remaining third is under the effective control of the military power of the British government; and the imperfect schemes of administration, which have been propped up for a while in the territories still under native rule, must be considered as destined, sooner or later, to be replaced, probably without a struggle, by a uniform and permanent system. Whatever be the difficulties and dangers attaching to the dominion which the British have been reluctantly compelled to assume, the struggle which has thus ended in the universal establishment of their ascendancy, promises to be the last that they will have to maintain with the native powers of India. Here, then, we may terminate the history of that extraordinary series of events, which has placed in the hands of the British, the sovereignty and the destinies of India. After eight centuries of uninterrupted war and anarchy, a 'handful of distant islanders' have restored to this devoted country the blessings of external security and internal repose; to a degree which, probably, at no former period of its history, was ever known. So mighty and rapid a change in the condition of an eighth part of the human race, has no parallel in history, whether we consider the comparative number of the conquerors, or the means by which it has been achieved. Never since conquest began to desolate the earth, it has been justly remarked, was an empire of such magnitude acquired with so small an effusion of blood. The whole conquest of India by Great Britain cost fewer lives than were destroyed by the Spaniards in South America in a single year. The rapidity, as well as the extent of the conquest is unparalleled. After many centuries had elapsed, the Mogul power was imperfectly established throughout the territories nominally subjugated to the Emperor of Delhi, which did not include the whole of the peninsula; and it was in the most prosperous years of Aurungzebe's reign, that Sivajee laid the foundations of the Mahratta empire. Nor will the first conquests of Mohammedanism bear a comparison with the British conquests in India. In the course of a century, the Khalifs had extended the faith of Islam over Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt; but those countries scarcely contained fifty millions of inhabitants; and it is a remarkable fact, that, in the present day, the nations subject to Mohammedan rulers do not form an aggregate population equal to that which now acknowledges the British sceptre. When to this it is added, that, contrary to the spirit in which all former conquests have been achieved, the Indian empire of Great Britain has been acquired in despite of herself,—in opposition to the policy which denounced all

extension of territory as not only undesirable but hurtful,—in spite of acts of parliament and perpetual remonstrances from the body of British merchants whose interests were at stake,—the phenomenon is still more striking. 'For princes and nations to pant for territorial aggrandisement,' to cite the words of an intelligent writer, 'has in it nothing strange and new; but it is strange for a nation continually to discountenance this spirit in the strongest manner; and still more strange, that, in the very face of all these prohibitions, a mighty empire should have grown up amidst the anxieties and the habits of commercial speculation. It is not that the British nation has conquered India; rather, unavoidable circumstances have at length almost subdued the national aversion to this conquest.' What is more, the very enactments that were intended to arrest the growth of our power, have, as Sir John Malcolm remarks, caused it to be more rapid than it otherwise would have been. Every retrograde step, every attempt to return to a neutral and pacific system, has been followed, and unavoidably, by an accelerated movement in the extension of our dominion. But, above all, the conquest of India by Britain is distinguished by its unquestionably beneficent character. To the natives themselves, the destruction of the Mussulman power,—a foreign and despotic yoke,—was a national emancipation from the most degrading oppression. But had it given way only to the Mahratta empire, which, at the commencement of our relations with the native powers, threatened to swallow up the whole country, the change would have been only to a more complete disorganisation of society. Notwithstanding all the crimes committed by the British in the first stages of their great mercantile adventure, the acquisition of Bengal cost fewer lives than were lost in a single expedition of the Mogul princes, or in the protection of that province from the Mahrattas during the vigorous reign of the brave Alivardi. But, in the destruction of the predatory system which was converting the finest provinces into a wilderness, the British government has performed a splendid act of justice, policy, and humanity, which fairly entitles it to be regarded as a conservative and beneficent power, whose supremacy has been the deliverance of the people. That system was the baleful dregs of the exhausted military establishments of the Mohammedan dynasties; and it succeeded to the wars of Aurungzebe, like pestilence after famine, rioting in the exhaustion of the country. The Mahratta states, which identified themselves with this system, fell, as they deserved to fall, in consequence of their abetting a conspiracy subversive of all government and social order. Nothing could more plainly indicate the real spirit and character of those native powers, than their alliance with the Pindary chieftains; and it may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance for India, that the infatuation and weakness of the Peishwa and his confederates, compelled the Governor-general to treat them as enemies and political criminals, towards whom any further forbearance would have entailed both disgrace and danger."

#### African Fables.

A COLLECTION of fables by the natives of Senegal has been translated into French verse by the Baron Roger, ex-commandant and governor of Senegal and its dependencies. This work will certainly assist in removing the prejudices which have so long existed in Europe respecting the intellect of Africans. Although the negroes have neither literature, nor even

a written language, it appears that fables have been known to them from time immemorial. There are certain established forms of introducing them in society. He who tells one thus begins: "Leb-on-na;" which is, "I have made a fable." Politeness requires that the company should answer, "Lou-po-on-ne;" which is, "that will be very amusing." The fable itself is commenced very much in the European manner, "Once upon a time, &c." The relater neglects nothing that can excite the attention of his hearers, and goes on as long as he finds that they listen to him with pleasure. The morals of the African fables are very curious, and they are of course adapted to the manners and habits of the country. One of them is to the following effect:—

"The Rabbit who clothed himself with the skin of a Gazelle.—To an ox, who was the owner of a meadow, a certain rabbit owed for a year's board. He was likewise indebted, more or less, to all the neighbours. Wherever he went, 'pay for the grass,' 'pay for the bran,' 'pay me,' 'pay me,' were the cries which rang in his ears. Having exhausted all his promises and grimaces, his creditors began to threaten him, and he found it necessary to play them some trick. One day, when he was alone, and thinking of this, he saw a dead gazelle lying on the ground. 'This will do: my importunate friends,' quoth he, 'you shall see something new.' Having flayed the dead gazelle, he dressed himself in the skin, which he adjusted as well as he could, and then stalked into the meadow. 'Alas! poor gazelle!' exclaimed every tender-hearted animal; 'what has happened to thee? why art thou so miserably thin?' 'It was the rabbit whom I interrupted when he was engaged in some sorcery. He cursed me, and that brought me into this condition. Heaven preserve you from vexing him!' 'Ha! do you hear that, comrades? This hint comes very apropos. I fear some mischief; let us leave the rabbit alone.'"

A negro having been asked by M. Roger what was the meaning of this fable, after some consideration answered,—"That when a man is clever he may avoid paying his debts."

There are a good many clever rabbits in Europe!

*The Will of King Alfred.* Reprinted from the Oxford edition of 1728: with a Preface and additional Notes. London, 1828. W. Pickering; Natali.

In the History of the Anglo-Saxons, Mr. Turner has truly stated—"Our language, our government, and our laws, display our Gothic ancestors in every part: they live not merely in our annals and traditions, but in our civil institutions and perpetual discourse. The parent tree is indeed greatly amplified by branches engrafted on it from other regions, and by the new shoots which the accidents of time and the improvements of society have produced; but it discovers yet its Saxon origin, and retains its Saxon properties, though more than thirteen centuries have rolled over, with all their tempests and vicissitudes."

The Anglo-Saxon language, then, is of great interest and importance to every Englishman who wishes to know the origin and construction of his own tongue. The substance and idiom of our language are Anglo-Saxon. The learned Dr. Hickes has observed, that of *fifty-eight words* of which the Lord's Prayer is composed, not more than *three words* are of Gallo-Norman introduction. The remaining *fifty-five* are

immediately and originally derived from the Anglo-Saxon.

In a philological point of view, the Anglo-Saxon is a very interesting language. The composition of many of our words and terminating syllables, which cannot otherwise be known, are evident when traced to their Saxon origin: thus, from *ac*, an oak, and *corn* (corn) a corn, is formed *accorn*, or *acorn*, a corn of the oak. From *æ*, water, *ær* (æes) or *ær* (æes), water's, or of water, and *land*, we have *ærlan* (æslan) a water's land, or land of water, an island. *Birceop* (bisceop) a bishop, and *pic* (ric) dominion, make *birceopric*, a bishop's dominion, or bishopric, *Feorn* (feorn) food, and *ep* (er) a man, make *Feornep*, a food-man, or farmer. *Fæder* (fæder) father, and *leas* (leas) lost, less, *Fæderleas* (fæderleas) fatherless. Many technical words in Saxon, as well as in Greek, when analysed, are perfect definitions. Thus: *Boccræft* (boccræft) book-craft, or grammar. *Tungolcraeft* (tungolcraeft) star craft, an astronomer. In many words every syllable is expressive. *Stapol-fæstan* (statholfæstan) to confirm, is composed of *an*, to give, *fæst* (fæst) a fast, *Stapol* (stathol) foundation.

Anglo-Saxon literature is not only most interesting to the philologist, but highly useful to many other characters. We mention a few to whom an acquaintance with it cannot but be obviously serviceable. Every lawyer must derive solid information from studying the Anglo-Saxon laws, published by Lombard, Whelock, and Wilkins. Many charters are still in existence which cannot be understood without a knowledge of Saxon. Where is the divine who can fail to be interested in perusing the history of the church in King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History? The pure doctrines enforced in some of the Anglo-Saxon sermons prove how greatly the Romish church has been corrupted since the time those sermons were composed. Is there a patriot, who glories in our admirable constitution, or rests secure under the protection of that envied palladium of English liberty, the trial by jury? let him remember that the latter was of Scandinavian origin, and conveyed to us by the Saxons; and that our present parliament is but the revival of the free and simple *Drenga gemot* (Witena gemot) the assembly of the wise, or the parliament of our Saxonan ancestors, in whose writings he will easily trace the origin of our glorious constitution. Every one must acknowledge the indispensable utility of Saxon literature in elucidating the topography and antiquity of England, in explaining our provincial dialects and local customs. Indeed the name of a town is generally a description of its local site. Thus, when we find a place called Eton, we are sure the town is in a low watery situation, for *æ-ton* (eton) signifies the water-town.

Amongst the many interesting documents in Anglo-Saxon literature, the neat little work before us is one of the most curious and important. The able writer of the preface has well observed: "The Will itself might be made the text of a far from uninteresting dissertation on antiquarian points of considerable importance. The rights of succession, both legal and concerning private property, the modes of tenure, the gift and maintenance of personal privileges, the forms of bequest, with other circumstances relating to ancient habits and localities, may derive incidental elucidation from this valuable relic. Its disclosures manifest the jealousy with which the Anglo-Saxon mo-

narchs watched and secured the transmission of their private possessions to their families and friends."

We again let the editor speak for himself. "Independently of the wish to render generally accessible an important illustration of English history, and to supply a deficiency in the book-market, occasioned by the scarcity of the first edition, regard has been had, in the present publication, to the general interest that has been recently awakened to every thing connected with the literature of the Anglo-Saxons. It may be hoped that henceforward a knowledge, not only of the acts and institutions of our ancestors, but of their habits of thought and expression, will be considered as amongst the indispensable elements of a liberal education. The true genius of our tongue, the legitimate clue to its richest treasures, can never be ascertained but by ascending to its source. Shakespeare, and the giants of Shakespeare's day, are only to be adequately understood by the man who has traced up the derivation of that unrivalled medium through which their feelings and conceptions have been transmitted to these later times. The little work which is now placed in the reader's hands will be found, with the aid of the closely verbal rendering, available as an appendix to the grammar—a kind of praxis on the rudiments. The additional notes have been supplied by the kindness of a friend. They refer to points of minute, but, it is hoped, not either useless or unimportant criticism. Inquiries connected with the import and power of words must be microscopic, or they will be unavailing."

In these notes we think we discover the discriminating judgment and critical acumen of Mr. J. S. Cardale, who has far advanced in the press (as we have heard) an edition of Boethius, with the Saxon and English on the alternate pages. We have not room to analyse the Will, or give specimens of the Translation, but we most cordially recommend this little work to the notice of the public. The paper, type, and printing, are all good, and altogether the book does the greatest credit to the press of Mr. Combe. Hitherto books on Anglo-Saxon have been published in too ponderous and expensive a form. The Will of King Alfred is a happy exception: if a few more works were published in the same style, and a dictionary of a moderate size and price could be procured, we have no doubt that the study of Anglo-Saxon would soon become as popular as it deserves to be.

#### The Wanderer's Legacy. By Catharine Grace Godwin.

[Conclusion of our Review.]

"THE Monk of Camaldoli" is the next in succession of this charming collection. It is a tale of two Italian lovers, Giuliano and Bianca.

"Their love had been the young heart's revelry, In the first bloom of life; and they had seen Their fondness hallow'd by th' approving eye And voice parental; and their homes had been The altar of their vows. Full many a scene In those domestic halls bore witness meet To the chaste intercourse that pass'd between The youth and maid, when with responsive heat Their pure souls mingled in communion sweet. She was the music of his mind—the still Sweet vision of his dreams; and when his hand Traced the bold outline with a painter's skill, (For he was gifted in his native land With his high genius,) his young love would stand In Grecian attitude, with lips apart, And dark hair filleted with silken band. The perfect model of the limner's art, The studio's peerless gem, the lode-star of his heart."

A father's ambition and avarice separate them. Bianca is wedded to rank and opulence, and dies. On learning this fatal catastrophe, the

distraction with which Giuliano had been previously seized, is suspended:

"He did not weep— Tears for the silent dead, can they avail? But through his heart the grave-worm seemed to creep."

Again essayed he his neglected art,—

Beneath his touch the sweet creation grew: His was the fervid genius of the heart, The magic of the memory ever true. The vernal lip breathed there—the tender hue Of the young cheek, with whose transparent white Carnation blended, and the vein shone through, Glancing with life—the rich and dewy light Of the deep azure eye, beam'd there divinely bright.

So meek, so pensive that angelic face, With brow upturn'd, and lips imbued with prayer, And so impress'd with a mysterious grace, 'Twas deem'd no mortal maid could be so fair. Nor marvel I that they who linger'd there, Watching the growth of that sweet shadowy thing, When o'er her forehead and encircling hair The twilight fell in many a salutary ring, Should, as before some holy shrine, stand worshipping. The fair work bloom'd to life—nor evening dim, Nor midnight's waning lamp, could warn away The painter from his task. Unmark'd by him Were all but that dear semblance, where the ray Of his enlight'ning mind concentrated lay. And with beseeching looks, that more than speak, He silenced those who fear'd his health's decay; For he had toiled until the hectic streak Of fever's fatal flame had scorched his pallid cheek.

At length 'twas finished. When the gray morn shone Through the dim cell, the last, the master-stroke Was given to that sweet face. His task was done. The light of mind o'er all the picture broke, And Giuliano from his trance awoke. He stood and gazed with aching eye, intent On his perfected work. No word he spoke, Nor breath escaped him; but he stood there bent Like some cold sculptured mourner o'er a monument."

He soon relapses, however; and a monastery eventually receives his shattered form and darkened spirit.

"The Hebrew Girl at the Auto da fé," is an interesting relation of the unhappy fate of "A young and beautiful being, whose wild woe Spoke with a voice that might not be unheard;

"An orphan maid, condemn'd, For the deep guilt of clinging, in the night Of her young spirit's looseness, to a creed, Her ancient nation's ark of hope,—to die!"

The title of "The Dying Crusader" sufficiently indicates the subject of it. The last moments of a brave and pious Christian knight are pathetically described; and with a strict and picturesque adherence to the truth of local circumstances. What can be more striking than the close of this poem, in which the faithful squire is represented as watching at night by the corpse of his beloved and lamented master?

Still sat the faithful Hubert there, The silent image of despair, When Syria's moon resplendent rose O'er the wild desert's deep repose. The lamp, unheeded, feebly shed Its light upon the stately dead; Unto, to quench its failing flame, The moon's broad mellow radiance came. Refulgent, in that orient clime, Her beauty took a tone sublime: She seem'd as up the vaulted sky, She steer'd her lucid bark on high. A spirit borne on heavenly wings Away from earth and earthly things, Yet lingering, with a fond regret, O'er mortal grandeur that had set. No voice of winds, nor living sound Broke the drear stillness brooding round; Save when the fierce hyena's howl Proclaim'd him on his midnight prow! Or from the shores of that Dead Lake, At whose black wave no beast may slake His maddening thirst—a spot abhor'd— The Lion of the Desert roar'd."

"Destiny," a romantic story of seven brothers, "Evening on the Shores of Prociota," and "Petraro's Tomb," are replete with tenderness and elegance. "Indian Scenery" affords as agreeable a variety, although of an opposite nature, as did "The Seal Hunters." The picture of tropical woods, under the penetrating influence of the beams of the setting sun, is singularly rich, animated, and powerful.



"Through the great forest's still and secret heart,  
The mighty monarch sends his fiercest dart;  
His slant rays lighting in 'th umbrageous bowers  
The thousand lamps of oriental flowers;  
Even the thick leaves in emerald lustre glow,  
And shed their rance on the reeds below.  
No longer, shaded from the sultry glare,  
Sleeps the fell tiger in his forest lair;  
Roused from his slumber by that scorching ray,  
Sullen he stalks to deeper gloom away;  
Where lurks the jackall in the tangled brake,  
And scorpions huddle with the glittering snake.  
In the vast labyrinth's long and sinuous veins  
A quiet, clear, and temper'd glory reigns;  
A luxury of light, in tone subdued,  
Pour'd through that leafy roofing's amplitude.  
There the flamingo's scarlet plume is seen,  
Flaunting beneath th' arka's verdant screen;  
And sweeping stately through the tamarind glade,  
With jewell'd crest triumphantly display'd,  
The peacock to the sunset doth unfold  
His proud array of purple and of gold.  
Clothed in the rainbow's bright and blending dyes,  
The loxia in the changeful sunbeam flies;  
Or in the branches quivering mouse entwined,  
Pierces the wild acacia's spicy kind.  
But revel these alone!—doth not the ray  
Of ewe illumine a host as glad as they?  
Wings, like the splendour of the mineral world,  
Are seen in every ruby gleam unfur'd;  
There lifts the butterfly its gorgeous sail,  
Wooling the myriads; or the glittering mail  
Of some horrid insect glances mid the leaves;  
And there the toils the subtle spider weaves;  
The shining lizard glides among the grass;  
The dread mosquito quits the dank morass;  
And many a shilly pie is heard afar,  
In elfin mimicry of mightier war;  
While from the shores the trumpet-beetle's voice  
Calls on the insect myriads to rejoice."

We now come to one of the finest pieces in the volume, namely, "The Pestilence in Rome." We regret that we cannot transcribe the whole of it. It begins with an apostrophe to the "eternal city," and an allusion to its eventual history:

"Queen of the nations! venerable Rome!  
How oft hast thou, since that triumphant hour  
That half'd thy birth, and to the wondering gaze  
Of ancient potentates, thy star display'd,  
Flaming along the western hemisphere;  
How oft hast thou, still subject to the sway  
Of capricious Fortune, changed thy destiny!  
Now, as the breeze of thy vigorous joys,  
Tiara-crown'd, and flush'd with consciousness  
Of power that found on earth no parallel;  
Now in the train of some barbarian king,  
Still glittering in thy marriage-robes, and rife  
With all thy charms, a powerless captive led.  
Again, with fickle hands surpassing e'en  
Capricious Fate, hast thou bound on thy brows,  
Still hunk'd with their willows, festal wreaths,  
And, like Assyrian concubine, attuned  
Thy lute to please a conquering sultan's ear.  
But this endured not; grandeur that springs up  
From degradation soon doth pass away;  
And thou art left in lonely widowhood,  
A monument of all that was most high  
Prostrate in ruin."

Rome! when last my feet  
Wander'd along thy desolated ways,  
A sterner foe possessed thee, ruling wide,  
With power that mock'd at man's supremacy,  
Making thy tombs his throne. Ay, death was there—  
Death, and the pale-eyed demon of disease,  
His ruthless caterer."

This is followed by a description of the general desolation which the pestilence has occasioned. One of its victims is then singled out:

"I saw a funeral train wind slow beneath  
The Coliseum's mouldering porticoes;  
The Miserere, chanted by the monks  
Who bore to its last home that pale cold clay.  
So late imbued with life, did sound amid  
Those walls that erst had echoed back the cries  
Of Rome's tumultuous concourse, drunk with joy.  
Shades from the realms of death seem'd those gaunt  
forms  
Robed in their ghastly vestments, convey meet  
For one whose dwelling-place must thenceforth be  
Amidst the tombs. High in advance they rear'd  
The sacred symbol of a world redeem'd,  
Hung in funeral weeds, that heavily  
Flap'd to and fro in that sirocco blast,  
Whose wings brought pestilence. I saw them thread  
The arch of triumph, and proceed along  
The ancient ways, untrodden by the crowd  
Of idle gazers, who too oft impede  
These and processions. But at length their course  
A moment was arrested. That high cross  
Borne on before, did link its dusky arms  
In garlands of the wild sweet eglantine  
That o'er the ruins of ruin thickly grew,  
Faithful through time. The odorous wreaths awhile

Offer'd resistance, and repell'd the thrust  
Of that dark ravisher, whilst their faint blooms  
In crimson showers begem'd the silent bier.  
Then did mine eyes, long thwarted, first behold  
His moveless occupant—A tall, fair girl,  
Pallid in death, but redolent with youth.  
Lay there serene, as though her dreamless sleep  
Morning would break. O'er her patrician brows,  
Whose polish'd beauty never Parian stone,  
By Grecian chisel smote, had rivalled—hung  
Her dark redundant tresses, mingling here,  
And there escaping from the virgin veil  
That still did float around her faultless form.  
A tint, like that which on autumnal leaves  
Tells of decay, invaded the pure white  
Of her smooth cheek, cheating the transient gaze  
With hues of life; but from the lip collapsed,  
And those meek orbs, seal'd up in endless night,  
Imagination shrunk. Her marble hands,  
Clasp'd o'er the purple vest, unconscious shrined  
The wild rose in its bud. Oh sight of woe!  
The emblem flower, and that far sweeter bloom,  
Youth nipt in its first fragrance, borne alike  
To an untimely grave!"

A passage of poetical beauty surpassing the foregoing, we have seldom met with. "Ancient Cities" comprises a series of solemn and touching reflections on the ruins of the magnificence of former days, which

"Are in time's horizon seen to shiue  
Like islands, half'd through ocean's misty shroud;  
Mellow'd, and mingling with the heaving brine,  
And lighted up by Glory's red decline."

"The Turkish Tombs," "The Blind Minstrel," "The Arabian Mare," "The Lament of the Chevalier Bayard," and "The Estranged," all richly deserve particular notice; but we have reached our limits, and must reluctantly stop. In making our extracts from the various parts of the work, we have been perfectly sensible of the injury which the passages sustain from their disconnection. However, what we have done will perhaps be sufficient to attract the public attention towards the volume. Our own opinion of it we have distinctly expressed; and we are strangely deceived, if a voice much more potential than ours will not confirm our eulogy, and assign to Mrs. Godwin a high rank among the poets of England. The work is dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth.

#### Nollekens and his Times. (Concluded.)

As we draw towards the close of this Review, our illustrations of the work must not only be as miscellaneous as those in our preceding papers, but even more so; for the variety of matter has defied classification, and as we touch the finale, we find the odds and ends less tractable to system than ever. A letter written from Miss Moser to Fuseli, at Rome, in 1771, gives an interesting sketch of our arts and artists at that period. Mr. Smith hints that this lady "glanced" at her correspondent for a nearer tie, but that his heart had been previously "pierced by Angelica Kauffman." Be this as it may, the letter is lively and curious.

"I suppose (says Miss M.) there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already, to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit; and Zoffany superior to every body, in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Druggier, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the picture; Lord Carlisle, half an hour after, offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the lord, and the emolument to his brother artist: (he is a gentleman!) Angelica made a very great addition to the show, and Mr. Hamilton's picture of Briseis parting from Achilles, was very much admired;

the Briseis in taste, à la antique, elegant and simple. Coates, Dance, Wilson, &c. as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished. You will doubtless imagine that I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse; but when you are tired of my gossiping, you may burn the letter—so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas; but the secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy, in the preface to his travels. The professor of history is comforted by the success of his Deserted Village, which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Hornick and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua, a few days ago, entertained the council and visitors with callipash and callipee, except poor Coates, who last week fell a sacrifice to the corroding power of soap-les, which he hoped would have cured him of the stone: many a tear will drop on his grave, as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed. *Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente!*"

Our next extract is a picture of rascality as connected with the fine arts, which requires no comment; except the observation, that the present times are not less prolific in rogueries of the same kind.

"When straw hats had become unfashionable, Mrs. Nollekens hinted to old White, the hatter of Fleet Street, who frequently came to shew Nollekens one of his Roman medals, or a lamp, that possibly he could accommodate her with a Leghorn hat at a moderate rate. White, who was a cunning old fox, and well knew how to plough with another man's heifer, seldom visited Mr. Nollekens's studio, by way of getting the loan of a model, or a squeeze of something old or singularly curious, without first looking into the parlour to see how his dear friend Welch's daughter was, at the same time taking care to present her with an old-fashioned hat, well knowing that she cut them into more modern shapes, and covered them either with velvet from an old tippet, or a silk hatband. Nollekens, finding his wife always benefited by these visits, never refused White a squeeze of a patera, or any thing that would answer his purpose; and at the same time, when he was gone, he readily joined in the laugh against old Gerrard, and the other fools who had been for years duped by old White, who had turned his wine-cellars into manufactories for the produce of cast coins, and modern squeezes from Roman lamps. These imitations White put into auctions and venders' shops for sale, and they were actually bought with avidity by the profound judges and collectors of such trash, who would, when the secret was discovered, rather than acknowledge their own want of judgment in such matters, boldly insist upon their originality, and call the man who declared himself as their fabricator 'an impudent impostor.' White has not been the only one whose performances have deceived unwary collectors; and even the learned have sometimes been pleased to impose copies upon themselves, to the no little injury of the man of real taste and talent, who produced some of their boasted treasures from the rough material. There can be little doubt as to the possibility of deceiving collectors in almost every pursuit; and I should expect, that if the imitations of Greek and Roman art could declare themselves, many a curious tale could be told by some of those now hoarded up

in cabinets, for which pretty heavy sums have been given by their happy possessors."

Let us, for credit's sake, contrast this with an honourable trait, though not improved by Mr. Smith's comments thereon.

"No man was more incessant in his application, or fonder of his art, than Sir Robert Strange; nor could any publisher boast of more integrity as to his mode of delivering subscription-impressions. He never took off more proofs than were really bespoken, and every name was put upon the print as it came out of the press, unless it were faulty, and then it was destroyed, not laid aside for future sale, as has been too much the practice with some of our late publishers. Impositions, I regret to say, amounting to fraud, have been recently exercised upon the liberal encouragers of the art, by sordid publishers, who have taken hundreds of proofs more than were subscribed for, purposely to hoard them up for future profit. Nay, I am shocked, when I declare that some of our late print-publishers have actually had plates touched up after they have been worn out, and have taken the writing out, in order that impressions might be taken off, which they have most barefacedly published and sold as original proof impressions!"

Among the other peculiarities which contribute to the mélange of these two volumes, we notice a number of local and topographical details; but these we are compelled to leave to the readers of the work,\* while we insert an

\* Such as the following are curious. Speaking of Liart, the engraver, we are told, "Matthew Liart was born in London, in a house built by his grandfather, a respectable periwig maker and barber, on the south-west corner of Compton Street and Crown Street, which was, until 1763, called Hog Lane. Liart's family, as well as many other natives of France, settled upon this spot after the edict of Nantz. The barber's son, Liart's father, who was a maker of survelles, a relishing kind of sausage, placed him with the celebrated Monsieur Rayet, the engraver, with whom he remained seven years. Liart then occupied his father's second-floor front room, in which he engraved all his plates." On the death and burial of Patterson, the earliest book auctioneer by lots, it is stated—"Upon our arrival at the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, it was discovered that the vault, which had been made for Patterson's wife, was at least six inches too short for his own coffin; we were therefore under the painful necessity of seeing the funeral ceremony performed above-ground, in order that the clergyman might not be detained; and the corpse actually remained undisturbed until a bricklayer could enlarge the vault for its reception. Upon Patterson's leaving his auction room in King Street, it was taken by the triumvirate, King, Collins, and Chapman, who held it for the sale of books and prints, but occasionally let it out for an evening; and it was here that the veteran Collins gave what he called his 'Evening Brush,' consisting principally of anecdotes of persons who had left this world before the birth of three-fourths of his audience. But what renders this room far more memorable is, that it was under this roof that Charles Dibdin commenced his 'London Amusement;' and here his pathetic and popular song of 'Poor Jack' was often encored—in a song of itself sufficient to immortalise its author. This delightful composition was in such requisition, that for months the printers could not produce it fast enough; and Dibdin actually hired a stall, which then stood close to the corner of the piazza in Russell Street, such as was formerly called a 'by-stander,' and similar to those erected in front of the Royal Exchange for the sale of newspapers, being large enough for Wood, his man, to stand in to deliver out the songs. The crowd and scramble to get them, even wet from the press, was such, that I have seen persons fight for their turn; while others were glad to get out of the mob without their change, congratulating themselves upon the possession of 'Poot Tom Bowler,' or 'Poll and my partner Joe.' And of the eccentric artist Cussans (too little known), we are told—"He once hired himself as potman under Paddy Moore, at the north-west corner of Russell Street, in Covent Garden, where he fined the beer, served it out, and collected in the pots, receiving the half-pence people thought proper to give

† "Near an old house with pillars before it, then standing on the site of the entrance to the present chapel in Moor Street: it was called 'the French Chapel,' being a place much frequented, and indeed surrounded by natives of France, who came to England after the edict of Nantz. Here they met, and communicated with each other upon their several concerns; and hence arose the establishment of the numerous à-la-mode beef shops for the convenience of the neighbourhood."

anecdote which relates to a popular modern performer.

"The late Moses Kean was a tailor, a stout-built man, with black bushy hair, and a wooden leg. He was always dressed in a dashing manner, in a scarlet coat, white satin waistcoat, black satin small clothes, and a 'Scott's liquid dye' blue silk stocking; he had also a long-quartered shoe, with a large buckle covering his foot, a cocked hat and a ruffled shirt, and never went out without a switch or cane in his hand. He was a very extraordinary mimic, particularly in his imitations of Charles James Fox, which he gave occasionally at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Mr. Ale-founder painted a whole-length portrait of him, as large as life, in the above dress, which was exhibited in the left-hand corner of the ante-room at Somerset House. There is also a whole-length etching of him, of a quarto size. Mr. Edmund Kean, the celebrated actor, owes his education to the above person, who was his uncle, and, when I was a boy, lived at No. 9, Little St. Martin's Lane."

In his second volume, Mr. Smith, having finished Nollekens, and buried him, gives us biographical sketches and recollections of several artists and others, his contemporaries. Among these, Roubiliac, Scheemakers, Rysbrack, Procter, Zoffany, Gainsborough, Bacon, Wilton, Strange, Vivares, Woollett, Cussans, Opie, Reynolds, Morland, Hogarth, Barry, West, Cosway, Harlow, Blake, are to be found; and we have reaped much amusement from the manner in which they are, to use the common phrase, shown up. We shall quote as many examples as we can, without encroaching too much on our other contents. Roubiliac was, it seems, very studiously wrapt up and absorbed in his art—

"A gentleman who had stayed one night at Slaughter's Coffee-house until past twelve o'clock, discovered that he had forgotten the street-door key of the house where he lodged; and as he had agreed with his landlady not to disturb her other inmates beyond that hour, was prevailed on by Roubiliac to take the other rubber, and sleep in a spare bed much at his service. The gentleman accepted his invitation, and upon Roubiliac shewing him the room, wished him a good night; but just as he was nearly undressed, he was horror-stricken at the sight of the corpse of a black woman laid out upon the bed. He immediately vociferated the name of Roubiliac, who, upon coming into the room, exclaimed, 'Oh dear! my good fren, I beg your pardon! I did not remember poor Mary was dare: poor Mary! she die yesterday vid de small-poc! Come, come, and you must take part vid my bed—come—poor Mary was my hos-maid for five six year—more.'—The statue of Shakspeare, now in the hall of the British Museum, was executed by Roubiliac for Mr. Garrick, who placed it in a temple erected for that purpose in his garden at Hampton, where it was to remain during the life of his widow, and at her death was to become the property of the British Museum, as may be seen by his will, dated the 24th of September, 1778, printed at the end of

him; these he put by, and upon his departure, at the expiration of his stipulated time, he distributed them amongst the servants of the house. During this and several other whims he never was known to smile, nor would he attend to any thing but the business in which he was engaged. He once went as a coal-heaver for a month, and whatever he said he would do he steadily performed. He made an excellent chimney-sweeper at the masquerades at the Pantheon and the Opera House; and was author of the popular song of 'Robinson Crusoe,' though since his death it has been claimed by several other persons."

the second volume of Davies's *Life of Garrick*. Mr. Garrick agreed to give Mr. Roubiliac three hundred guineas for it, and the artist was to make use of the best marble he could afford for the money; unfortunately, however, the block turned out full of veins, which rendered the face so hideous to Mr. Garrick, that he declared he could not put it up, as persons might ask, 'What! was Shakspeare marked with mulberries?' Roubiliac assured Mr. Garrick that it was the best marble he could use for the price of the figure; but that, in order to make it agreeable to him, he would cut off the head, and replace it with another, carved from a fine clear piece of marble, which he did, to the great pleasure of his employer. It is truly remarkable, that the first figure carried by this sculptor in England, was that of Handel, and that the last work on which he was engaged, was a monument to the memory of the same composer."

At pages 100 and 101, Mr. Smith states, first that Scheemakers walked from Antwerp to Rome in 1728, and then that it was in 1700! whence he afterwards walked, &c. from Rome, to England, and became the master of Nollekens. The following is more intelligible—"He for some time shared the patronage of the great with Roubiliac and Rysbrack; and not many require to be informed that the statue of Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey, was carved by Scheemakers from the design of Kent the architect; but very few persons appear to be aware, that the beautiful little bronze statue of King Edward VI., in the court-yard of St. Thomas's Hospital, is also by the hand of the same sculptor." Some fine vases of his were sold at the Wanstead House sale in 1822; and the monument to Dr. Mead, in the Temple Church, is executed by him.

Of Ceracchi, another sculptor, who came to England in 1773, the account is possessed of somewhat romantic interest. "The bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds; sold by the figure-casters, Mr. Northcote informs me, was also modelled by Ceracchi. Bazzetti, in his 'Guide through the Royal Academy,' when describing the Strand front of Somerset House, thus speaks of him: 'The two figures nearest the centre were made by Signor Carlini; the two at the extremities, by Signor Ceracchi, an Italian sculptor, who resided some time in London, whose abilities the architect (Sir William Chambers) wished to encourage, and keep among us; but the little employment found in England for sculptors, however excellent, frustrated his intentions.' Ceracchi had, when I was taken to see him, very extensive premises at No. 76, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; he was a short, thin man, with a piercing black eye, and a very blue beard. He was the honourable Mrs. Damer's master in sculpture, as that lady declared to me herself. Ceracchi, highly gifted as he certainly was, met with so little encouragement in this country, that after disposing of his property in Margaret-street, he quitted England for Rome, where he continued to practise as a sculptor until the breaking out of the French Revolution, when he became so violent a partisan, and so desperate, that he was condemned to death as the leader of the conspirators connected with the infernal machine contrivance, and was guillotined at Paris in 1801. Ceracchi continued so frantic to the last, that he actually built himself a car, in which he was drawn to the place of execution, in the habit of a Roman emperor. David, the French painter, with whom Ceracchi had lived in intimacy, was called to speak to his charac-



ter; but he declared he knew nothing of him beyond his fame as a sculptor."

The unhappy fate of Procter has more than once been alluded to in our columns: he affords a melancholy example of proud and, if not neglected, improperly treated, genius, which, conscious of itself, spurns the offensive patronage of inferior natures, indelicately offered or rudely displayed. "He executed (as we have somewhere recorded) a fine model of Diomedes thrown to his horses, but unfortunately of so large a size, that no one was tempted to buy it; and, as he could not afford to pay for a place to keep it in, he actually knocked it to pieces."

And, lo! the consequences. "In 1794, when the period arrived at which the Royal Academy was to send a student at Rome, they fixed upon Procter; but no one knew where to find or hear any thing of him. However, Mr. West, with his usual zeal, after much inquiry, discovered him in an obscure lodging, in a deplorably reduced state. Upon this he instantly relieved him, invited him to dinner, and promised him letters of introduction to his Roman friends; but, alas! during the short preparation for his departure, Mr. West received the sad intelligence of his being found dead in his bed, at his humble lodgings, opposite the cider-cellar, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. He died in his forty-first year, and was buried in Hampstead churchyard."

Sherwin, the painter (distinguished in his day), is luckless enough to tempt a memorial from the pen of Mr. Smith, who says:—

"Of all the men I ever knew, Sherwin was the most difficult to get money from, as he generally lost it in gambling as soon as he got it. His manoeuvres to rid himself of a dun were sometimes whimsically ingenious. I recollect a purblind engraver of the name of Roberts, the artist who etched the fifty small views round London, from drawings made by Chatelain, and who had frequently importuned him for cash, being prevailed upon to partake of a bottle of wine, in order to drink success to the arts, before he paid him. Sherwin, after the second glass, wishing to leave him, and knowing that Roberts could not see correctly beyond the bottle, moved his lay-figure, upon which he had put an old coat, from the corner of the room, and placed it as Roberts's companion; but before he stole out of the studio, he requested Mr. Roberts to keep the bottle by him, and to finish it whilst he wrote answers to some letters for the post." Roberts, who had no idea of his having quitted the table, now and then, as he took an occasional glass, silently bowed, respectfully acknowledging the presence of his host. At last, after some time had elapsed, he ventured to observe that he had a great way to go; but receiving no remark, he got up, walked round the table, and modestly requested payment. Upon no answer being returned, he went close enough to whisper the real state of his situation, when, discovering the trick, he left the house indignantly. However, Sherwin, who had been that evening lucky at play, upon our informing him of poor Roberts's distressed situation, sent him the money early the next morning, with an additional guinea for the time he had lost, with which he was desired to drink the king's health."

In the sketch of Bacon, the sculptor, we are treated with a song relative to the formation of the Royal Academy, entitled "the Patrons," written by the Rev. Dr. Franklin, and sung by Mr. Beard at the "institutory dinner." It is as follows:—

"Here's a health to the great, who are patrons of arts,  
Who for good British hands have true British hearts;  
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,  
But encourage true merit and genius at home."

If I was not mistaken, I heard some folks say,  
That our guests seem'd to relish the feast of to-day;  
That with candour they own we at least have aim'd well,  
And those deserve praise who but strive to excel."

But our artists,—the fact to our shame is well known,—  
Like our wives, are neglected, because they're our own;  
Whilst Italia's fair harlots with nupture we view,  
And embrace the dear strangers—to shew our virgins."

When good Master Christie tricks out his fine show,  
All is not pure gold which there glitters, we know;  
But with pompous fine titles he humbly bows the town;  
If the names are but foreign, the trash will go down.  
For this purpose some shrewd picture-merchants, they say,

Keep many a good Raphael and Rubens in pay;  
And half the Poussins and Correggios you meet,  
Were dau'd in a garret in Aldergate Street."

There with pencils and brushes they drive a snug trade;  
There ancients are form'd and originals made;  
New trifles are shelter'd beneath an old name,  
And pictures, like bacon, are smoked into fame."

Such arts we disclaim, and such tricks we despise;  
On their own little pinions our eagles shall rise;  
And upheld by your praises, perchance they may soar  
To the summit of fame, which they ne'er reach'd before."

When strong prepossession no longer shall blind,  
Nor the shackles of prejudice fetter the mind,  
The beauties of truth then old Time shall unweave,  
And merit o'er folly and fashion prevail."

Then let's drink to the great, who are patrons of arts,  
Who for good British hands have true British hearts;  
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,  
But encourage true merit and genius at home."

Our next are piquant anecdotes.

"Mortimer, the painter, was remarkably tall, and Edwards a very short man, and unfortunately deformed, though he always stood erect, to make the most of himself. These artists painted each a picture of the same subject, the Cavern of Despair, from Spenser, which they sent to the Society of Arts for a prize; and during the time their works were hanging up, it happened that Mortimer and Edwards were standing by the side of each other, looking at Edwards's picture. Edwards, quite erect, with his usual importance, striking his cane perpendicularly on the floor, at arm's length, thus addressed his antagonist:—"Well, Mr. Mortimer! how do you like my picture?" "Sir, there are some good parts in it; but why did you make your reptiles so small?" Edwards, putting his left hand upon his hip, or, what may be better conceived, his arm a-kimbo, looking up to Mortimer, observed,—

"The smaller the more venomous."

"The corner house of Long Acre, now No. 72, formed a small part of the extensive premises formerly occupied by that singularly haughty character, Cobb, the upholsterer, who occasionally employed Banks, the cellaret-maker, to whom I applied for information respecting him. Cobb, he said, was perhaps one of the proudest men in England, and always appeared in full dress of the most superb and costly kind, in which state he would strut through his workshops, giving orders to his men. He was the person who brought that very convenient table into fashion which draws out in front, with upper and inward rising desks, so healthy for those who stand to write, read, or draw. The late king frequently employed him, and often smiled at his pomposity. One day, when Mr. Cobb was in his majesty's library at Buckingham House, giving orders to a workman, whose ladder was placed before a book which the king wanted, his majesty desired Cobb to hand him the work, which instead of obeying, he called to his man, 'Fellow, give me that book!' The king, with his usual condescension, arose and asked what his man's name was. 'Jenkins,' answered the astonished upholsterer. 'Then,' observed the king, 'Jenkins, you shall hand me the book.'"

In a slight notice of Gwynn, the architect, we are informed that Dr. Johnson wrote the preface to, and corrected his book, London and Westminster Improved; of which recent builders and others have made so extensive a use.—(See *Literary Gazette* for 1827.)

We have now finished our extracts from this remarkable publication, and have but little to add by way of remark to the observations we have casually thrown out in our progress. We are sorry to be obliged to say that our opinion of the Royal Academy and of the author has not been raised by the perusal of such statements as appear in our quotations. The nasty spirit of mutual depreciation which is evinced in the stories related of the most eminent academicians, gives us a wretched idea of the liberality and candour of the distinguished body to which they belonged. We trust it is better now; and that intrigue, envy, malice, and uncharitableness, are less common than in the days and instances commemorated by Mr. Smith. Respecting that author himself, we are free to confess that our sentiments are any thing but favourable. That he has amused us, we will not deny—for malignity is too apt to amuse us all. But we will never, while we have the means of influencing the public judgment, cease to protest against that Vampire School of writers, be they Hunts or Smiths, whose horrid task it is to re-animate the dead only for the purpose of shewing the world how unnatural and disgusting are the monsters whom they rouse from the dark and concealing grave. It is a vile and an odious office: it outrages the sanctity of death, and fills the living with just cause of alarm, lest what has been the doom of the past to others may be the doom of the future to them. It is true, perhaps, that the penurious and miserly habits of Nolletens have made us commiserate his hapless fate in having a biographer of this kind, less than we would that of almost any other individual; but have we not also seen a Byron's memory violated by baseness of the same sordid and malicious character, and shall we not raise our voice against the infamous profanation?

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Works of Lord Byron.* In 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1825. J. Murray.

THIS is a new edition of Mr. Murray's cheap publication of Lord Byron's works, which, being sold at the low price of 18s., was calculated to drive piratical and surreptitious copies out of the market. That it is likely to do so, more effectually than prosecutions and lawsuits, may be presumed from the fact, that nearly 10,000 copies were immediately sold of this edition, which, though of the same-sized volume as the preceding, has a larger and more legible type to recommend it; this, if it may not please the elegant fancy and taste of the printer (T. Davison) so much as the former net publication, will better suit the eyes of readers, and consequently be better relished by numbers of his Majesty's liege and poetical subjects. [Since writing this, a letter from a correspondent (see our *Literary Notices*) not only confirms our views, but gives some curious information connected with this subject.]

*The Village: a Descriptive Poem. To which are added, Warwick, and other Pieces.* By the Rev. G. M. Johnson. 12mo. pp. 130. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Warwick, J. Merdew.

SOME graceful description, and a tone of moral and religious feeling, recommend the little

volume now before us. We will give a short extract as a specimen.

*"Sunset.*  
Veiling in clouds his gorgeous brow,  
While for his parting glories spread,  
The king of day majestic, slow,  
Sinks on the crimson'd ocean's bed.  
Now lower and still lower yet,—  
A moment, and he disappears.  
'Tis past!—his god-like form is set,  
To shine the life of other spheres.  
But still a radiance fires the skies,  
Far up the regions of the west,  
Bright'ning with deep vermilion dyes  
Th' horizon where he sank to rest.  
So when, his goal of glory won,  
The Christian sinks in death's embrace,  
A thousand deeds of goodness done,  
Leave on the heart their hallow'd trace.  
So when, my earthly trial past,  
I yield to Heaven's all-righteous doom,  
May justice, truth, and friendship, cast  
Their glorious halo round my tomb!"

There is a very pretty lithographic view of Warwick Castle for a frontispiece.

*The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green: a Comedy.* By James Sheridan Knowles, Author of "Virginia." 8vo. pp. 92. London, 1828. B. Stewart, and J. Ridgway; Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; Glasgow, R. Griffin and Co.; Dublin, W. F. Wakeman.

WE must confess that our verdict of the closet does not at all invalidate that of the stage. In this unfortunate comedy we can find neither amusement nor interest. But there are some passages not unworthy of the author of *Virginia*; witness the following burst of patriotic feeling.

"I will not, cannot quit my native land!  
Bann'd as I am, 'tis precious to me still.  
It is my fathers' land—'tis lov'd for that;  
'Tis thine—thy child's—it should be lov'd for you;  
It should be lov'd, if only for itself!  
'Tis free, it hath no despot, but its laws;  
'Tis independent; it can stand alone;  
'Tis mighty, 'gainst its enemies 'tis one.  
Where can I find a land the like of this?  
Its son, though under law and fetters,  
Is envied for it. He's the brother of  
The free! I cannot quit my native land:  
For sight of other land I would not give  
The feeling of its breath.—The wall of him  
That does not forfeit it, which none may sale,  
However proud, unscath'd, to do him wrong.  
I cannot, will not quit my native land!"

We are tempted to recommend Mr. Knowles to adhere to the graver sister Tragedy; and we wish him in such adherence ample success, to recompense his late disappointment.

*Improvement of Smithfield Market; with Elevations, and a Ground Plan of the Building proposed to be erected as a Market-house.* London. Holdsworth and Ball.

WE sincerely hope that the period is not far distant when that disgrace to the metropolis, the cattle-market of Smithfield, will be removed. In contemplation of that event, the author of this little treatise proposes the erection in Smithfield of a general Market-house, to be undertaken by the corporation of London. The plan seems to be a good one; but the elevations appear to us to have rather too much architectural decoration for a building that is to be applied to such a purpose.

*Tales and Confessions.* By Leitch Ritchie. 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is a considerable deal of talent displayed in this volume; pictures always coarse, but often very strongly worked up, and many situations quite melo-dramatic. William Jones is a powerful, but painful, story; so is the Informer. In the humorous, our author fails completely; and the language is inexcusably careless,—indeed, beside mean epithets and

low words, the grammar is often faulty. We know not what to quote; for the preface mentions that some of the stories have been published before, without particularising them; and we are unwilling to incur the charge of "a twice-told tale." But this we must say, that there is much promise in Mr. Ritchie; only let him add industry and attention to his other qualifications. We should mention, at this season of ghost stories, that there are some well-told ones in this book.

*Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second.* Engraved under the direction of Charles John Smith. Accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and interesting Extracts from the original Documents. By John Gough Nichols. London. Parts V. and VI. J. B. Nichols and Son.

LET any person who doubts that the handwriting of different persons varies as much as their features vary, take up this singularly curious and valuable publication, and he will presently be convinced of his error. It is impossible to conceive so extraordinary a diversity. Like human countenances also, there are twenty ugly scrawls for one tolerably good-looking manuscript. These two Parts contain above ninety autographs. Many of them consist of very interesting letters, or portions of letters; and the historical and biographical illustrations by which they are accompanied abound in interesting matter.

*Nouveaux Fragments Philosophiques, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Philosophie Ancienne.* Par M. Victor Cousin, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris; 8vo. Chez Pichon et Didier, à Paris.

THIS appears to be an exceedingly valuable publication, uniting the double merit of erudition and philosophical speculation; full of knowledge of antiquity, and of learned interpretations—a work of patient research into scattered, mutilated, and obscure texts, and at the same time of elevated views, and profound abstraction.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

[In the annexed correspondence we recognise with great pleasure the good feeling which has induced Mr. Barrow, in the midst of his laborious public duties, to reclaim for his country the merit of an achievement justly due to its enterprise and perseverance. We also refer with satisfaction to M. Jomard's liberal explanation; while at the same time we rejoice that the question has been set upon a less equivocal footing than it was by the statement originally published. Mr. Barrow's letter is also very interesting, from the late and authentic intelligence which it contains on the subject of our African expeditions.—Ed. L. G.]

*M. Auguste Caillé's Visit to Timbuctoo.*

To M. Jomard, Member of the Institute.

Admiralty, London, Oct. 28th, 1828.

SIR,—I have the honour to address myself to you on a subject in which I am persuaded you take as much interest as myself—the progress of the discoveries in Africa.

I see, by the supplement to the 66th bulletin, published by the Geographical Society of Paris, that a Frenchman, of the name of Caillé, has succeeded in reaching the city of Timbuctoo; and that M. Delaporte, vice-consul at Tangier, observes in his letter to you, announcing the arrival of M. Caillé, that that traveller consoles himself for the fatigues which he has endured, by the reflection that he is the only European who has hitherto succeeded in

happily accomplishing an enterprise in which so many brave travellers have fallen.

Far be it from me to conceive the idea of detracting from the merit of this bold and adventurous traveller, or to blame the just pride which he feels at having brought his enterprise to a happy termination; but the justice which is due to the memory of another traveller, who has perished by the barbarous hand of an assassin, calls upon me to shew you, sir, that M. Caillé is neither the only nor the first European who has visited Timbuctoo.

The late Major Laing was the first who ever reached Timbuctoo, as I shall prove by the most indisputable authority,—namely, his own hand-writing, and that of his servant, who is now at Tripoli. In a letter, dated Timbuctoo, Sept. 21, 1826, addressed to the consul, Mr. Warrington, now lying before me, the Major says that he arrived in this city on the 18th of the preceding month; that he intended to quit it on the day following the date of his letter, that is to say, on the 22d Sept., and to proceed on the road to Segou; he then enters into many details relative to this city, and gives a great number of curious documents which he had collected on the subject, and other materials, which will, without doubt, be one day published.

He accordingly left Timbuctoo on the 22d Sept. with a small caravan, having only one Arab servant; on the third evening he was joined by several Arabs belonging to the caravan, and afterwards basely massacred. It happened that the above-mentioned letter, written from Timbuctoo, was in the possession of his servant. His baggage was entirely pillaged, and his journal and numerous papers carried off; but we have still hopes that they will be recovered. The servant has undergone the most rigorous examination; he is firm and consistent in all his answers; and, I regret to say, that there is great reason to suppose that this enterprising traveller fell a victim to the traitorous and barbarous Bello, who behaved so scandalously to Captain Clapperton.

I therefore hope from your justice, as a man devoted to the sciences, and particularly to geography, and as president of the central committee, that you will give the same publicity to this communication as has been given to the fortunate result of the meritorious enterprise of M. Caillé. I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

JOHN BARROW.

*Extract from the reply of M. Jomard to Mr. Barrow.*

Paris, Oct. 31, 1828.

The following, sir, are the very expressions which are the subject of your complaint. "He (M. Auguste Caillé) is the only European who has hitherto brought to a successful conclusion an enterprise in which so many brave travellers have fallen."

You see, sir, that this refers to the happy return of the traveller to his country, and not to the discovery of Timbuctoo. Thus, after the death of Dr. Oudney, Messrs. Clapperton and Denham, who were more fortunate, returned to their native country; it might, therefore, have been said, on their arrival in England, that they were the first Europeans who had returned from Bornou, and had successfully accomplished that journey, and this without detracting in any manner from the glory of the doctor. I do not doubt, therefore, sir, that you will do justice not only to me, but also to M. Delaporte, the French vice-consul; and will readily perceive that nobody has in-



tended to deprive your countrymen of the glory which belongs to them. I am proud of having contributed to lay down as a principle in the regulations of the Geographical Society, that travellers of all nations have an equal right to its attention; that the rewards are for all, whatever be their country; in short, that there is no distinction made by the society between foreigners and Frenchmen.

Permit me, sir, to add one reflection. If I had had to draw up a list of the Europeans who, have reached Timbuctoo, I should not have forgotten several individuals who appear to have visited it; and perhaps I should have mentioned Robert Adams, though his journey has been doubted, — a circumstance on which, as you know, opinions are divided. M. Delaporte, too, would not have failed to mention them, if such had been his object; but his intention was merely to announce the happy return of the traveller, after having crossed the Great Desert, which did not happen either to Hornemann, Park, or Oudney, or the unfortunate Laing, or so many other lamented victims.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 29. — On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred: —

*Bachelors in Divinity.* — Rev. E. Burton, Christ Church; Grand Compounder; Hon. and Rev. G. Fellow, Corpus Christi College, Grand Compounder.

*Masters of Arts.* — Rev. W. Scarbrough, Christ Church; Rev. F. C. Alderman, Exeter College; Rev. W. Badnall, Brasenose College.

*Bachelors of Arts.* — W. H. Graham, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; J. James, Queen's College; I. U. Cooke, St. Edmund Hall; H. J. Hutton, Magdalen Hall; T. Humphreys, Jesus College; R. Billing, Worcester College; A. R. Mangin, Alban Hall; J. Laing, J. Papillon, University College; E. Eyre, Merton College; R. Eldridge, Wadham College; G. W. Mahon, Scholar, C. Mackenzie, Exhibitioner, Pembroke College; T. Moxley, T. T. Jones, S. U. B. Lee, Oriel College; E. T. Daniell, T. B. Hothouse, Balliol College.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

##### Anniversary Meeting, Dec. 1.

It will, we trust, be received as a proof of the success of our efforts to obtain such reports of the proceedings of our great national, learned, philosophical, and scientific Societies as have not hitherto been given to the public through the medium of the periodical press, that we are this week enabled, besides other interesting accounts, to give, at length, for the first time, the Address of the President of the Royal Society at its anniversary meeting, upon which occasion Mr. Davies Gilbert spoke as follows: —

It would be vain to expect that the anniversary meeting of a body so numerous as the Royal Society should ever occur, without exciting in our minds sensations of deep regret for the loss of many individuals distinguished by their abilities, by their acquirements, by their virtues, and endeared to other members by the ties of private friendship. We may also add, with feelings of exultation in regard to the honour of the Society, however painfully they may bear upon ourselves, that the number of those among us sharing in our active labours far exceeds the limit that might justify a hope of our not being called on to deplore some of those more conspicuous Fellows of the Society on the present or on similar occasions.

Although it is usual chiefly to dwell on the names of those who have enriched the Transactions by their communications, yet some occur in the list now read whom it is impossible to pass over without notice.

Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, whose name will go down to posterity associated with those of many illustrious persons whose histories he has diligently investigated and adorned.

Major Denham, whose active exertions, perseverance, and untimely fate, can scarcely be contemplated without a tear.

The Rev. Alexander Nicoll, Regius Profes-

or of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, — a man most eminent in the literary pursuit he had selected, and advanced to the high station of professor by the disinterested regard for merit of an individual still living, and who at the time held the most confidential office in the government of this country. Much certainly was expected from Mr. Nicoll in the recondite learning appropriate to his station; and if the experience of past diligence and acumen may be taken as an assurance of future active exertion, these expectations would not have been disappointed. But he is lost to us at an early age.

Mr. William Phillips has not, indeed, appeared in the Philosophical Transactions; but his labours have assisted the inquiries of geologists and mineralogists in every part of the world. In English geology he contributed a joint share towards a work unfortunately not yet complete, but confessedly the most luminous and accurate that has yet appeared. And in crystallography, those alone who have made some progress in that most beautiful yet intricate science, are capable of appreciating the extent of his merit.

The first name that presents itself from the Transactions is that of Mr. Mills, to whom we are indebted for a geological communication on the Wyn Dykes, and on the basalt of Scotland and Ireland, so long ago as the year 1790; at a period when that science, the distinguishing glory perhaps of the nineteenth century, had scarcely acquired a distinct appellation in our language.

Dr. John Mervin North, elected in 1774, had favoured the Society in the preceding year with some theoretical and practical observations on electricity, one of the sciences then most attractive of general curiosity, in consequence of the wonderful discoveries recently made by Dr. Franklin; and in 1776, excited by the no less important experiments of Dr. Priestley, he supplied our Transactions with the description of an ingeniously contrived apparatus for saturating water with carbonic acid, or, as that gaseous fluid was then called, with fixed air. On the first discovery of carbonic acid as a distinct and peculiar substance, followed by an analysis of its constituent parts, great medical virtues were imputed to it, — much greater than subsequent experience has confirmed. Under these first impressions, the instrument invented by Dr. North was eagerly seized, and might be seen in most private houses. The elegant pyramidal form of its three parts ascending one above the other, and displaying by their transparency the whole process as it goes on, is still exhibited by druggists and by manufacturers of glass. Many gentlemen who now hear me will share in the surprise which I felt on learning that the inventor of an apparatus familiar to my childhood, should have lived to be commemorated in the present year.

We have next to notice a gentleman elected some short time prior to Dr. North, about fifty-five years ago, known to our Transactions, indeed, by a single paper on antiquarian philology, but well known to the Society by the able discharge of the duties attached to one of its most important offices for a space of twenty-eight years. Mr. Planta was chosen a fellow in 1774; he became secretary in 1776, and continued to execute that office with great ability and diligence up to 1804. It is needless for me to dilate on his merits as principal librarian at the British Museum, — they are universally felt and acknowledged.

Dr. Sir James Edward Smith is known in every country and in every place over the whole civilised world, where natural history is cultivated as a science. Dr. Smith having added to the usual accomplishments of a polite scholar an extensive acquaintance with botany, he took, at an early period of his life, the decisive step of acquiring the Herbarium of the great Linnaeus, augmented by his son. The purchase was made in Sweden, after the government of that country had declined to buy, at a moderate price, the most precious relic of its most distinguished subject; and, by so doing, to rescue from difficulties those in whose welfare this illustrious reformer of natural history had been most nearly interested. Dr. Smith embarked his acquisition, and after escaping a danger the last to be apprehended, and which, from respect to a country of literature and of science, I shall not describe, the collection was landed in England, where full security and protection afforded the proprietor leisure for making that use of the collection which has so amply established his fame. Soon afterwards, Dr. Sir Edward Smith most fortunately employed himself in kindling a separate light from the illustrious body I have now the honour to address; and several others having since followed in a similar manner, they are now spreading a brilliant illumination over the whole horizon of science; while, so far from obscuring, they continue to increase the lustre of their parent flame. What, therefore, this distinguished naturalist has done for the Linnaean Society, we may in some degree consider as done for ourselves. We have one ingenious communication in our Transactions for the year 1788, on the irritability of vegetables. Not satisfied with discharging the duties incident to the presidency of his own Society, and with investigating and verifying the Linnaean specimens, by comparing them with recent plants, with other dried specimens, with figures, and with descriptions, his time and attention have been also employed in editing one of the most splendid works ever published in this country, the *Flora Graeca* of Dr. Sibthorpe. For various smaller works on the philosophy of natural history, on the natural orders, &c. we are indebted to his pen. And, to close a life of literature and science like that of Dr. Sir James Smith, the last volume of his English Botany (a work of great accuracy and merit) appeared in London on the very day that proved to its author the termination of his mortal career; not of a length commensurate to our wishes, but splendid and useful to the utmost expectation of his warmest friends.

Another distinguished member of this Society has recently been taken from us, by one of those accidents, common indeed to old age, yet of a nature to excite compassion, or feelings perhaps of a stronger cast. Dr. George Pearson was elected in June 1791, and has enriched our Transactions with ten communications. The first, in the year of his admission, on Dr. James's antimonial powders. The composition of this celebrated febrifuge having been long withheld from the public, notwithstanding the sworn specification of its inventor, a great anxiety was naturally felt for discovering the secret. This, Dr. Pearson effected, having proved by analysis, and by the reunion of the constituent parts, that antimony and phosphate of lime made up the whole mass. Some slight differences may still exist between the concerted medicine and any other that can be produced, arising probably

from peculiar and possibly accidental and unimportant manipulations; but no doubt can be entertained as to the essential ingredients. The second, in 1792, on the composition of fixed air. The third, in 1794, on a peculiar vegetable substance, imported from China. The fourth, in 1795, on the nature and properties of Wootz iron and steel made in the East Indies. The fifth, in 1796, in a paper equally interesting to the natural philosopher and to the antiquary, since it ascertains the composition of metallic weapons belonging to times the most remote, and confirms the opinion, derived from classical authority, of their being made from an alloy of copper and tin. The sixth, in 1797, on the nature of gas, produced by passing electric sparks through water. This communication must be highly estimated, since it tended, at that early period, strongly to confirm the great discovery of Mr. Cavendish—the decomposition of water; a discovery of the utmost importance, but requiring every possible confirmation, as it went in direct opposition to the decided opinions, to the prejudices of many hundred years. We are become familiar with hydrogen, with oxygen, with the compound nature of liquids, and the changes of form produced on bodies by the agency of heat. The speculative philosophers of antiquity, on the contrary, mistaking varieties of form for real differences of substance, arranged all physical nature under four classes, denominating solid bodies, or the principle of solidity, earth; liquid bodies, under a similar hypothesis, water; and the principle of elasticity, air; fire, or heat, occupied the fourth division; and to these was added a fifth, or quintessence,—the substance endowed with consciousness, with thought, and with the power of originating motion. It is obvious that ice, water, and steam, to ratify this arrangement, must possess three distinct essences; yet such is the power of habitual attachment to opinions never before questioned, that had Mr. Cavendish, the scientific ornament of our country and of his age, lived some centuries before our time, he might perhaps have experienced a common fate with the philosopher who maintained the revolution of the earth and the central position of the sun. The seventh, eighth, and ninth communications, in subsequent years, are strictly professional; and the tenth, in 1813, also medical, relates to a black colouring matter occasionally found in the bronchial glands. But Doctor Pearson has still further claims on our respect and our regard. For a series of years he continued to diffuse, by his lectures, a knowledge of the new chemistry, instructing hundreds in the truths of science, as they became successively developed, in a manner not calculated to load the memory, but to invigorate the reasoning powers, in proportion as new facts were communicated and arranged. And to Doctor Pearson we are again indebted for rendering familiar in England the nomenclature of chemistry, first adopted in another country; an adaptation of words to things, of which it may be truly said,

‘Ος αν ιδη τα οματα, ισχυει και το φωνημα.  
A medium of communication adapting its plastic nature to the reception of new facts and of new arrangements, owing, perhaps, their existence to the facilities of their universal language.

One individual still remains for me to notice, and with deep regret; for, considering the number and the value of his communications, together with the pre-eminence of the science on which his energies were employed, it may

fairly be said that no greater loss has been sustained by the Society within the period to which we refer, than it has experienced by the death of Professor Woodhouse. We have from him seven different papers—four on abstract and profound mathematical speculations; the last three on subjects connected with the recently established Observatory at Cambridge. Born with strong abilities, and with a predisposition for the investigation and the acquirement of abstract truth, Mr. Robert Woodhouse cultivated mathematics with great assiduity, and with a corresponding success. Having attained the highest academical honours, he mainly contributed, by his writings in our Transactions, by various separate publications, by his example, and by the influence of his official situation in the University—towards paying that true homage to NEWTON which has, of late, been rendered to him, in the very focus of his glory,—not by servilely adhering to methods or to forms, the devising of which by one man will always continue the wonder of the human race;—but by doing as NEWTON himself would have been most eager to do; that is, by raising still higher the edifices of which he has laid the solid, the everlasting foundations. And sure I am that Mr. Woodhouse would accept as the most gratifying tribute to his memory, the appointment and the exertions of such a successor as the distinguished person (whom I would willingly enumerate as one of us) now actually engaged in carrying towards perfection these matters, of which the commencements only were permitted to himself.

And here I would call your attention to the loss sustained by the world at large, in the person of another philosopher and Fellow of this Society, although not a contributor to our annual publications.—Mr. Dugald Stewart, imbued with a taste for mathematical learning by his father's eminence in that department of knowledge, has done more than almost any one of his contemporaries towards freeing from mystery and paradoxes the science which should naturally be of all the most clear and precise. Following the steps of Bacon and of Locke, and stored with an extent of reading and of acquired knowledge almost beyond example, there can be found few subjects which he has not illustrated; and in respect to conclusions which seem to differ from the deductions of his great predecessors, his arguments are so fairly stated on either side, that every intelligent reader is placed in a situation to form his own opinion on those profound and abstruse points. Mr. Stewart has somewhere quoted—Μαθηματικα τα δυναμιν αναλυτικηι κτησασθαι του πολλας αποδειξεις τωι ιστι μαθουι εχουι. And, “Mathematica multi sciunt, Mathesis pauci. Aliud est enim nosse propositiones aliquot, et nonnullas ex iis elicere, casu potius quam certâ aliquâ discursandi normâ, aliud scientiæ ipsius naturam ac indolem prospectam habere, in ejus se adita penetrare, et ab universalibus instructum esse præceptis quibus theorematâ ac problema innumera excogitandi, eademque demonstrandi facilitas comparetur. Ut enim pictorum vulgus, prototypum sæpe sæpius experiendo, quendam pingendi usum, nullam verò pictoriæ artis, quam optica suggerit, scientiam acquirit; ita multi, lectis Euclidis et aliorum geometrarum libris, eorum imitatione, fingere propositiones aliquas ac demonstrare solent, ipsam tamen secretissimam difficilliorum theorematum ac problematum solvendi methodum prorsus ignorant.” By reverting to the long-neglected controversies of the Nominalists and the Realists, and by adopting the theories of a most acute and

subtle reasoner, who for centuries past has been remembered (such is the caprice of Fame) by a reference only to the frailties and to the misfortunes of his youth, this able metaphysician has either fully explained, or has pointed out the method of explaining, every difficulty which seemed to obstruct the use of imaginary quantities. And by pursuing the same track—if ancient prejudices, derived from far different speculations, could once be banished from our minds—it would soon be found that all circumlocution for avoiding the terms infinitely small, infinitely great, and even orders of infinites, might be dismissed from mathematical language, without producing uncertainty, mystery, or confusion. I consider, therefore, Mr. Dugald Stewart as a distinguished writer in the higher departments of mathematics, and *eo nomine* entitled to our respect and our regard.

On the foreign list we find the name but of one individual whose loss we have to regret in the past year, M. Thunberg of Upsal.

M. Thunberg, a pupil of the great Linnæus, one of the few remaining companions of the prophet, has continued throughout a long life to cultivate a science which Sweden must consider as her peculiar glory. His labours are perhaps little known in this country at present; but at a period when botany stood more pre-eminent,—about forty years ago,—M. Thunberg was chosen on our foreign list.

#### On delivering the Medals.

Of the duties devolved on those Fellows of the Society whom in any particular year you may honour by naming on your Council, none are equally arduous with the distribution of your medals. If the requisite inquiries were limited to discovering able men, ingeniously contrived experiments, or valuable communications, the task would be easy indeed; these might be found at every meeting of the Society, in every page of your Transactions. But the medals are evidently meant to distinguish somewhat more; so that he who receives them may at the least be considered as *primus inter pares* with respect to the particular subject of his attention.

One of the royal medals your Council of this year have had no hesitation in adjudging to M. Encke for his researches and calculations respecting the heavenly body usually distinguished by his name, and which has again become visible in Europe, according to his prediction; and not merely visible, but corresponding with its estimated position in declination as well as in right ascension, to a degree of accuracy scarcely susceptible of correction, unless by repeated observation. This body, to be denominated a planet or a comet, according to the variety of denition, revolves round the sun in an elliptic orbit, and in the short period of about three years and a third; but its path cuts the orbits of four planets. It approaches within the distance of Mercury, and recedes to about four-fifths of the distance of Jupiter from the sun. The body appears to be without nucleus, or any regularly defined form, and stars are seen through it. These phenomena seem to correspond with the hypothesis of condensed or condensing nebulous matter, suggested by the greatest of sideral astronomers. And this comet, as it may then be called, attached to our system, and describing equal areas in equal times round the sun, must be considered, in many respects, as the most interesting known body at present in the universe. Your Council have therefore been anxious to mark the high sense they entertain of the ability



and persevering industry which must have been exerted in determining all the elements of an orbit so eccentric, so much exposed to the influence of several planets, inespable of being estimated by the formula adapted to orbits nearly circular, and founded moreover, as these elements must have been, on observations difficult to make, and much limited in point of time, and perhaps affected by the action of a resisting medium.

The other royal medal has been awarded by your Council for a communication made under circumstances the most interesting and most afflicting. An individual of whom not this Society alone, but all England, is justly proud, whose merits have been appreciated and distinguished by each of the eminently scientific establishments of Europe, has recently been assailed by a malady, one of the most severe to which human nature is exposed. But the energies of his mind soaring beyond bodily infirmities, he has employed them in a manner (I will presume to say) most acceptable to the Divinity, because most useful to mankind, by imparting, through the medium of this Society, further stores of knowledge to the world, which has been so frequently before illuminated by the splendour of his genius. On the first day of our meeting, a paper from Dr. Wollaston\* was read, descriptive of the processes and manipulations by which he has been enabled to supply all men of science with the most important among the recently discovered metals. Platinum, possessed of various qualities useful in an eminent degree to chemists, even on a large scale, withheld them all by resisting fusion in the most intense heat of our wind furnaces. Alloyed, indeed, with arsenic, it became susceptible of receiving ornamental forms; but a continued heat expelled the volatile metal, and left the other in a state wholly unfit for use. Dr. Wollaston, instead of alloying, purified the platinum from every admixture by solution, consolidated its precipitate by pressure, by heating, and by percussion, so as to effect a complete welding of the mass, thus made capable of being rolled into leaf, or drawn into wire of a tenacity intermediate between those of iron and gold. To these scientific and beautiful contrivances we owe the use of a material, not only of high importance to refined chemistry, but now actually employed in the largest manufactories for distilling an article of commerce so abundant and so cheap as sulphuric acid. And, above all, we owe to them the material which, in the skilful hands of some members of this Society, has mainly contributed to their producing a new species of glass, which promises to form an epoch in the history of optics. Your Council have therefore deemed themselves bound to express their strong approbation of this interesting Memoir, (independently of all extraneous circumstances,) by

\* Of Dr. Wollaston's conduct under the heavy dispensation of a malady which, we lament to hear, leaves his friends but little to hope, the description which has reached us is of a nature which may well be called divine, if the fate of Socrates merited that distinction. In the midst of disease and pain, and feeling that his life is most precarious, this truly great man has been, and is, devoting his numbered hours to communicate (by dictation), and preserve, all those discoveries which he has made, and all those improvements so invaluable to science, and the knowledge of which is calculated to be most beneficial to his fellow-creatures. A nobler example of fortitude and virtue has not been witnessed in any age or country.

We understand that in order to promote the interests of the Royal Society, by providing a fund which may render it less necessary to elect members more for the sake of the revenue they furnish, than of their scientific attainments, Dr. Wollaston has bequeathed 3000*l.* to the body, and that its President has added 1000*l.* for the same purpose.—*Ed. L. G.*

awarding a royal medal to its author. And they anticipate with confidence a general approbation, in both these instances, of what they have done.

The Copley Medal for the present year has not been awarded.

The following is the list of officers for the ensuing year:—

*President*.—Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P.  
*Treasurer*.—Captain Henry Kater.  
*Secretaries*.—Dr. Roget and Captain Sabine, R.A.  
*Council*.—Francis Baily, Esq.; Charles Bell, Esq.; Robert Brown, Esq.; Francis Chantrey, Esq. R.A.; Right Hon. Sir George Cockburn; Michael Faraday, Esq.; Dr. Fitton; Charles Hatchett, Esq.; John F. W. Herschel, Esq. M.A.; Sir Everard Home, Bart.; Captain Kater; Henry, Marquess of Lansdowne; Right Hon. Robert Peel; John Pond, Esq. A.R.; Dr. Roget; Captain Sabine; Rev. Adam Sedgwick; Henry Warburton, Esq. M.P.; Dr. Wollaston; Dr. Young.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At the second meeting of the Society, on Thursday evening, 27th ult. it was announced from the chair by Mr. Hallam, one of the vice-presidents, that his Majesty, ever alive to the claims of genius, had been most graciously pleased to signify to the president and council his intention of conferring two gold medals annually, of the value of fifty guineas each, for the two best papers on antiquity which may be presented to the Society.

The announcement of this most gratifying intelligence was received as it ought,—with the utmost applause, and every demonstration of grateful respect for so munificent a mark of the Sovereign's love for the advancement of the study of antiquity. We have reason to believe that his Majesty has been thus induced to notice the Society, through the friendly interference of the Earl of Aberdeen. His lordship's attention to the best interests of the body has been manifested ever since he was elected president; and we hail this noble mark of his Majesty's bounty, as a new era in the annals of a Society which has of late years attracted some attention, more from the lukewarmness of its members than the spirit which might have animated them. It was also announced that the four large pictures by Holbein, which were sent to the Society by the late king, were to be immediately removed to Windsor, by command of his Majesty. These pictures were left as a deposit with the Society in 1805.

We are also happy to announce that a bequest of a collection of most interesting portraits of royal and noble personages, has just been conveyed to the Society by the executors of the late Dr. Kerrieh, of Cambridge. They are of a very early date, from the time of Henry VI. downwards. The council have ordered them to be cleaned, under the direction of Francis Douce, Esq.; and they are intended to decorate the room where the Society's meetings are held. The most curious among them, perhaps, is a Portrait of Queen Mary I., by Lucas de Heere, 1554 (though this date makes the painter older than the Biographical Dictionary). The oldest, in four compartments, represents a part of the legend of St. Etheldreda, and came out of the Conventual Church of Ely. There are also genuine Portraits of Edward IV. and Richard III.

An account, drawn up by Mr. Kempe, was read of the recent antiquarian investigation at Keston, in Kent, commenced by Mr. Crofton Croker, and of which we gave some account at the time. After complimenting Mr. Croker, of whose labours he intimated the Society might shortly expect the details, Mr. Kempe proceeded to state, that he had completely defined the walls of the circular and square buildings,

and in the adjacent fields had discovered several extensive foundations—one a wall thirty feet in length, and three in thickness—which leave no room to doubt that Keston was the Noviomagus of the Romans. The distance from London, too, when measured upon the ordnance survey of Kent, singularly supports this belief. Mr. Kempe discovered several fragments of pottery, one or two of which were ornamented in the highest taste; a key, a bronze ear-ring, some bones, and other remains.

At the meeting of the Society on the 4th instant, Mr. Hallam was again in the chair. A letter from Mr. Wynn, our ambassador at Copenhagen, was read, giving a detailed account of the Institutions in Denmark for the encouragement and preservation of northern antiquities. And a drawing and description of a gold bracelet, found in one of the northern counties of England, were communicated to the Society by Mr. Secretary Carlisle.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Captain Hugh Clapperton*. Engraved by T. Lupton, from a picture by Gildon Manton. (A private plate; the frontispiece to the forthcoming Vol. of Clapperton's Travels.)

THE sight of this fine head renews our deep regret at the untimely fate of the brave, enterprising, and persevering individual of whom it is so characteristic a portrait, and to the narrative of whose last expedition it is about to be the appropriate frontispiece. Mr. Manton is a very able, although a very unassuming artist; and this strikes us as the most successful work of his that we have yet met with. The resemblance is powerful; the features are admirably drawn and marked; and the general expression is, as it ought to be, decidedly that of one, who

“—dare do all that may become a man.”

While we contemplate it, we see—“with our mind's eye, Horatio,”—the gallant and warm-hearted original, preparing, with generous indignation, to chastise the unfortunate Governor of Murrur, for having permitted the desecration of the grave of his poor friend Oudney, whose last moments Clapperton had, some months before, watched with the tenderness inseparable from true courage.—Mr. Lupton has engraved this plate with his usual fidelity, vigour, and taste.

*Rebels defeated*. Engraved by J. Romney, from a picture by T. Webster. Balcoc. VERY entertaining, and in every point of view a worthy companion to the beautiful little print of “Rebels shooting a Prisoner,” which we noticed in our 559th Number. The insurgents have lost their cannon, and their overthrow seems to be complete.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### FROM THE SPANISH.\*

WERE I the ruler here below,  
(God grant us better care!)  
How matters upside down should go,  
How sober folks should stare!  
The pretty girls should all be free  
To have whate'er they want;  
Unknown those hateful names should be,  
Duenna, nurse, and aunt.  
If ugly women sinned, they'd all  
Do penance in the sheet;  
But her no parson should miscall  
Whose eyes are bright and sweet.

\* Si yo gobernara el mundo, &c.—Romanceo General 1604.

When'er I saw an old man dote  
Upon a fair young bride,  
I'd dress him in her petticoat,  
His shroud 'twould well provide.  
You cautious burgher, soft and plump,  
Should wed some jolly lass,  
Who all the day would dance and jump,  
And tell him he's an ass.  
With jealous lords, ye ladies fine,  
Ye'd not be long distressed;  
Their ghosts in bed-posts I'd confine,  
Then let them growl their best.  
I would throw open every jail,  
And set bold felons free;  
Your judge severe or lawyer pale  
As good a bird might be.  
When lady talks of age to lady,  
I'd stand behind their backs;  
For every lie a maravedi  
Would make a royal tax.  
O might I rule this ball of earth!  
One hour of perfect away  
Would furnish forth a store of mirth  
To last for many a day. C. D.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MIS-ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN  
WHO REALLY WALKED UP PICCADILLY.

It is very well to talk of dangers in travelling through Africa, of accidents at the polar ices, and of annoyances on the continent; but the following narration of what has happened to me, will show that equal, if not greater, perils attend the unfortunate pedestrian who risks the exploit of a walk up Piccadilly.

On Saturday last, fatigued with the city and with business, I resolved to recreate myself with a stroll in Hyde Park. I will see, said I, the beautiful gates, so admirably contrasted, just like fat and lean, *between* which, as a novelty in such matters, instead of *under*, you pass as you enter London from the west; I will see the new front which they are giving to the prime minister, and what sort of columns they are raising for him who has led columns so well; I will inhale fine taste with pure air; and amid the noble improvements of the polite end of the metropolis, Fry's stoppage, and stoppages of every kind, shall be forgotten. In this delectable mood I made my easy way through Leicester Square, and entered upon the broad vista to the Pishag of my imagination. It was charming to observe that even on the threshold, as it were, of the gayer quarter of the town, there was a sportiveness and play which is not to be witnessed in the crowded streets of the city. In Sidney's Alley several happy urchins were trundling their hoops, whom I could not help regarding with a benignant smile. Thus encouraged, the grateful little rogues followed me laughing into Coventry Street; and one of them, in his good-humoured fun, run his hoop right against my legs—"Beg your pardon, sir!" he cried in a coaxing tone, and obtained the boon as soon as asked; but, alas! the rencontre was an unlucky one for me, as some scoundrel must have taken advantage of the unguarded moment to pick my pockets not only of my handkerchief, but of a gold watch which had belonged to my honoured father, and was considered as an heir-loom by his spoliated son.

Chagrined beyond measure by this untoward circumstance, I was thoughtfully, which is another word for heedlessly, plodding onward, when a heavy blow on my shins, from a box slid out from a cellar, accompanied by a shout, "Vy, can't ye see? vere the

ell are ye going, spooney?" brought me to recollection; and I perceived I was in the midst of a crowd of cads and coachmen, swearing and tearing like so many demons, and rendering some fifty yards of the street impassable without the utmost dexterity and no slight degree of strength. Their language was not altogether intelligible; but such words as could be understood were not of a kind to be repeated. They all seemed to enjoy my pangs very heartily, and laughed, shouted, and shoved me about, till I became absolutely terrified by their violence. One fellow, with a wooden leg, swore that they often hurt his shins; and another, blind of one eye, and nearly blind drunk of the other, told me to bless my precious glims that the blow had not doused them. At length, through the kind offices of a person in a scarlet waistcoat, I escaped from this *mêlée*; while the last of my persecutors, pointing at my blood-stained stockings, facetiously remarked, that the red-breast was consorting with the red-shanks.

Suffering much from this accident, I determined to hurry on to an apothecary's, and apply some plaster to my lacerated limb, to prevent the stocking from inflaming the wound; but again disappointment was my lot—I was doomed this day to experience that misfortunes seldom come single, and the more haste the worse speed. Hurrying along *vis-à-vis* to the basin in the Green Park, it had appeared for a while as if, like the folks in the fable, I had been walking on loadstone rocks with nails in my shoes, so heavily did my steps drag, and so laborious did my progress seem. I felt as if I were growing to the ground; and, in fact, I was at last fairly planted and stuck close, without the power of motion. On examining my position, I discovered that I was attempting to cross one of those outcrops from the Park by which the mud of the basin has been for several weeks carted away, in order that this reservoir of the Chelsea Water-works may contain a purer supply of water for the consumption of the metropolis. What it could have been before, I know not; but I will assert, without fear of contradiction, that a more filthy and tenacious mud is not now to be met with in Europe. I will further venture to say, that every coroner's verdict of "found drowned," relative to bodies extracted from this basin, has been erroneous, and that "found suffocated" ought to have been returned. But be this as it may, it is of little consequence, there will be water enough hereafter to drown unhappy ladies comfortably; and as for the mud, I have to thank a sturdy carman that I was extricated from it, and set once more on my disastrous way up Piccadilly. The farther course, indeed, looked wide and clear;—there can be no more mishaps, said I to myself, congratulatingly; but it was a premature and luckless boast in this street of multiplied and never-ending nuisances. On the side of the pavement were sundry labourers breaking sundry heaps of stones: stouter hammer-men or harder granite, I imagine, are not elsewhere to be seen. One fellow, in particular, struck my fancy by the vigour of his strokes; and ere I could turn my head, he struck me much more forcibly in another way. The angle of a block, whose resistance to innovation would have done honour to a close corporation or private borough, was by a terrible effort detached, and sent flying in the direction of my eye. I am grateful to Heaven that, being a Scotsman, this exquisite organ is in me protected by a pair of well-mounted cheek-bones, independent of the usual covering of a tolerably

thick scull,—and happily by the aid of these features I escaped with nothing worse than a desperate cut on the temple. The sanguine stream ran rapidly down my face, and handkerchief I had none to stem or hide it: my legs ached wretchedly, and I was so besotted with filth, I hardly hoped that even a hackney coach would have the charity to alter the probable mode of my taking off. It was now, however, a case of despair, and I hailed the sorriest vehicle on the stand. I cannot express my joy at having my signal obeyed; but never was the most fortunate event more grateful to me than the simple fact of being taken into this lowly concern, with a very waggish leer at my general appearance from its ragged Jehu. "Drive me," said I, "to Mr. Anderson's at Brompton," for I had met with a worthy surgeon of that name, resident there, who being also a countryman, would, I knew, treat my wounds both with skill and feeling;—"go fast, and I will pay you extra." Crack went the whip on both sides and all flanks; and, as sure as I live, the jades who drew me were instigated into the commission of a trot. Ah, that they had never gone off their accustomed jog! Where Hyde Park Corner formerly was, the road is now unhappily Macadamised, and the ruts are consequently both stony and deep. By a convulsion in one of these, after several dislocating jolts, off flew my wheel, and over went my coach. How long I lay embosomed, I am ignorant; but my first perception was that of being pulled through the door that lay uppermost, my muddy and bloody condition exciting the pity of the surrounding spectators. "It is all over with him," exclaimed one: "He's bespoke," said another:—it has been all over with me for some time, thought I, glancing at the prostrate coach; and as for being bespoke, what could a man expect from such wheels? But I could not speak: and to close the scene, some of the bystanders, having laid me on a shutter, carried me softly into St. George's Hospital, whence, Mr. Literary Gazette, I now address you, praying you to take some notice of the horrible nuisances which infest Piccadilly in your next Number. I have the honour to be yours truly, though I cannot say wholly, ALEXANDER ASTER.

#### DRAMA.

MR. LACY, again! Three pieces in two months

—the *Stepmother*, the *Soldier's Stratagems*, and *Love in Wrinkles*. All translations, too!—it's enough to drive our patriotic contemporaries stark staring mad!—particularly as Thursday evening's effusion is likely to have a run. We really begin to fear, from the rabid state of the anti-gallican critics, that some of them will shortly favour us with a specimen of original dramatic composition, the success of which, we have not the slightest doubt, will drive the contemptible crew of translators and adapters (who, at least, are modest enough to think other people's nonsense better than their own) with ignominy from the stage. Be this as it may, however, *Love in Wrinkles* was very well received, and has to boast of some clever and pretty music by Monsieur Fétis. It is really a treat to hear such pieces as the *trio* in the first act, the chorus of guests in the second, and the light and elegant vaudevilles sung by Braham and Miss Love, after the nightly nausea created by the things inflicted on our ears in the shape of "Signal Hours," "Blue Bells," (not of Scotland,) hugged in literally without rhyme or reason. The drama itself is



a translation of an opera of Scribe's,—one of the weakest and most improbable of his thousand and one productions. The singing and acting saved it in France, and its copy is fortunate in meeting with still higher advantages here, as Love looked exceedingly well in wrinkles, and Braham acted like Elliston, and sung like himself, for he is indeed unrivalled, and

"None but himself can be his parallel."

The piece was given out for repetition on Saturday, amidst unmixed and considerable applause.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre re-opened on Thursday with the *Merchant of Venice*, and the *Beggars' Opera*. The house was well lighted with oil and wax, and respectfully filled from the rising of the curtain. *Virginus* is postponed till next week. The smell of the gas is almost entirely gone, and will no doubt in a few nights be imperceptible.

#### VARIETIES.

**Coinage.**—The French government are about to call in all the old copper money, and to substitute an entirely new coinage. It is intended also to call in the silver pieces of 5 francs 80 centimes, and 2 francs 85 centimes, which circulate in many of the provinces, and to recoin them into 5 franc pieces.

**Literary Institution.**—The half yearly general meeting of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution was held on Monday evening last; the report of which was, we hear, very satisfactory to the members and friends of the Institution.

**French Academy.**—The election of M. Pisan and of M. le Comte Daru to be Members of the Academy, has been confirmed by the king.

**Hail.**—In the department of the Gard, in France, there was a hail-storm, in May last, which did very great damage, especially in the vineyards. Many of the hail-stones were as large as a clenched fist! Fortunately there was time afforded for taking shelter, so that no lives were lost.

**Mexico.**—In the year 1827, official permissions to sojourn in Mexico were given to 866 foreigners, of whom half were English; being either merchants or miners. 187 North Americans were included in that number. In the same year there arrived 162 French, and there departed only 45. The foreigners established in the republic are divided into the following classes, viz. 352 merchants, 274 miners, 91 artisans, 10 agriculturists, and 30 of various professions.

**New Scheme.**—An old French engineer officer has lately published a new scheme of rather a whimsical description. He states that, for some years, he has remarked that the lamentations which accompany the great to their last abode, are lost amidst the congratulations by which their successors are overwhelmed. To obviate a circumstance so mortifying to vanity, he recommends princes to grant a number of annuities on their own lives, and to distribute them among those whose real attachment they wish to secure. They will then, he observes, only have to consult their finance-minister, in order to ascertain the sincerity of the prayers put up to Heaven for the preservation of their precious days; and, whenever they die, their annuities will be heart-broken!

**Remarkable Showers.**—One of the French papers contains an account of a curious shower of rain which fell at Chaumont on the 13th instant, and which the French journalist calls

"a shower of ice." Although the temperature of the air was at this time much above the freezing point, every drop, as it fell, became congealed, and so a solid mass of ice; and the accumulated snow, as it were, that branches of trees were broken, or bent to the ground. For several hours after the shower, the face of the country, for leagues, was covered with a snowy-looking ice, which reminded one of the climate of Siberia. A similar shower fell at Perseigne (Sarthe) on the 8th and 9th instant. In the forest of that name, the trees bending under the weight of the frozen rain, were subsequently blown up by the mists by the wind, to the number of 30,000.

**To stop the bleeding from the bites of Leeches.**—We lately mentioned that the application of a cupping-glass had been found effectual for that purpose; an experienced surgeon, however, informs us, that when the usual means fail, touching the punctures with a piece of lunar caustic is sure to succeed, and will be attended with no unpleasant consequences.—*Anonymous Correspondent.*

**Young Napoleon.**—A pamphlet has been published at Paris, the writer of which strongly recommends to the various powers of Europe to convert the existing governments of Greece into an independent monarchy, and to place young Napoleon on the throne! This project seems to have excited much attention.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Cheap Books.** Mr. Editor.—The success of those booksellers who have at length opened their eyes to the absurdity of quarters and of dear books generally, ought to be made known; for though it be most true that they are thinking of their own purses, it is not the less certain that the result is calculated to do more good to the public than any one circumstance that could have occurred at this time. I was present the other day at a bookseller's sale-dinner—at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, one of the best dining-places in the world—where Murray sold in half an hour exactly 1,500 copies of Byron's Poems, in four small volumes, price eighteen shillings, exquisitely beautiful as specimens of typography, as legible as any octavo that ever Davidson put out of his hands, and adorned with steel engravings of the utmost elegance, by Finden, after Westall. Then came Franklin's Voyages, in little volumes also, and behold! 5,000 of them were sold in a twinkling!

These are signs of the times not to be disregarded. Nor is it wonderful that the great Albemarle Street publisher should have determined ere now to push this matter to some decided result and purpose. He announces, three or four years ago, "A National Library," which was considered at the time as a mere imitation of Constable's Miscellany: but it now appears that the long-meditated Library is to assume a more regular shape, embracing three distinct series—history, biography, and practical science. The publication is to commence with the year 1829; and I understand that several volumes are now printed and ready,—so that there is no chance of a halt after the march is once begun. Murray has enlisted all his literary friends in this undertaking, and considers its opening as a new and grand epoch in his career. He shewed various specimens at the sale above mentioned, for example, a volume of the *Life of Buonaparte* (to be complete in 2 vols.), printed exquisitely, and embellished with a first-rate engraving on steel of David's famous picture of the Passage of the Mount St. Bernard; and half-a-dozen wood-cuts of battles, which one might have taken for steel-cuts also, so admirably has Thomson done justice to the spirited and noble designs of the painter—who, you will hear with wonder, is no other than George Cruikshank. That glorious caricaturist turns out to have had all the elements of a loftier genius in *petto*, and now and then begins a new career, in which one may safely promise him higher fame, as well as profit, than he ever could have achieved in adhering to the ludicrous and the grotesque of satire. Murray's Library, or Museum, or Miscellany (or whatever name he may give it) if written, as he promises, by none but authors of real eminence, embellished by such artists as Cruikshank and Thomson, and sold, as it is announced, at some three or four shillings per *volume*, will undoubtedly do more to knock up dear books in a year, than any artifice that could have been devised. Southey's *Lives of Wolfe and Marlborough* are to be given in the course of the first year.—Sir Walter Scott has undertaken various biographies.—Murray is hard at work on some history—Lockhart at Cervantes.—Sir Humphry Davy at Popular Chemistry.—Dr. Brewster at *Lives of the Astronomers*.—Gleig on a History of the English Empire in India.—Washington Irving on the Life of General Washington.—Mitchell, Williams, and other eminent classical scholars, on Ancient Biography, Civil and Military. I heard other names; but

these are a tolerable list. There can be no doubt that this is a great engine of popular instruction, set on foot for the purpose of meeting the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge in a fair field; and we shall see whether the Tories and Churchmen are as able to maintain the fight in the department of cheap books, as in other contents. Yours obediently, DUODECIMO.

**The Polish Waiter Scam.**—A Polish officer of the name of Bronikowski, banished for his political opinions from the Russian part of Poland, found a refuge in the court of Dresden. Turning to account his acquaintance with the history of his native country, and having carefully consulted archives little known, he has attempted to be the Walter Scott of Poland, and has published at Leipzig several works, which have become very popular, the last of which is entitled *Erazmowski*.

**Russian Literature.**—A French translation has recently appeared at Moscow of Igor, an heroic poem, and one of the most valuable remains of ancient Russian poetry. Composed towards the close of the twelfth century, it has for its subject an episode in the reign of Igor, who occupied the throne of Russia from 912 to 925. The continental critics do not speak in high terms of the translation.

Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron has gone to press. Washington Irving's *Tales of the Moors* will be out in a few weeks. They are, it is said, a history, in effect, of the rise, glory, and downfall, of the Moors in Spain, composed by Irving, chiefly out of MSS., during his recent stay at Seville.

Clapperton's Travels are nearly ready. They include a memoir of his life, and a full account of his death (drawn up by his faithful servant, now in town).

A second edition of Sir Alexander Malet on Fagging at Winchester School, is called for; to which, we trust, our readers can do the first have largely contributed. The question is a very important one.

**In the Press.**—The Cambrian Quarterly and Celtic Repository, intended, we are told, as a vindication of our Welsh neighbours from a charge under which they have long laboured—of leaving their literary stores to the care of strangers. Yet, it is affirmed, that the fame of Gray is founded on a transmutation of the genius of their old poets; and even the legends of their peasants are unknown beyond the borders, except in the few specimens collected by the indefatigable narrator of the Legends of the South of Ireland.—A fourth edition of Admiral Lord Collingwood's Memoirs and Correspondence.—A new edition of the Cook's Oracle, by the late Dr. Kitchiner.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Art of Latin Poetry, founded on the Work of Jani, 8vo. 10s. 6ds.—Tower Menagerie, with 100 Engravings, 8vo. 1s. 6ds.—Watson's Death-Bed Scene, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Bridge's French, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. 6ds.—Roe's Aristotle, Vol. VI. post 8vo. 6s. 6ds.—Beck's Index to Euripides, 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Precedents of Private Bills, 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Barton's New Year's Eve, 8vo. 8s. 6ds.—Menckeyana, prints, royal 4to. 12s. 14s. 16s. 18s. 20s. 22s. 24s. 26s. 28s. 30s. 32s. 34s. 36s. 38s. 40s. 42s. 44s. 46s. 48s. 50s. 52s. 54s. 56s. 58s. 60s. 62s. 64s. 66s. 68s. 70s. 72s. 74s. 76s. 78s. 80s. 82s. 84s. 86s. 88s. 90s. 92s. 94s. 96s. 98s. 100s. 102s. 104s. 106s. 108s. 110s. 112s. 114s. 116s. 118s. 120s. 122s. 124s. 126s. 128s. 130s. 132s. 134s. 136s. 138s. 140s. 142s. 144s. 146s. 148s. 150s. 152s. 154s. 156s. 158s. 160s. 162s. 164s. 166s. 168s. 170s. 172s. 174s. 176s. 178s. 180s. 182s. 184s. 186s. 188s. 190s. 192s. 194s. 196s. 198s. 200s. 202s. 204s. 206s. 208s. 210s. 212s. 214s. 216s. 218s. 220s. 222s. 224s. 226s. 228s. 230s. 232s. 234s. 236s. 238s. 240s. 242s. 244s. 246s. 248s. 250s. 252s. 254s. 256s. 258s. 260s. 262s. 264s. 266s. 268s. 270s. 272s. 274s. 276s. 278s. 280s. 282s. 284s. 286s. 288s. 290s. 292s. 294s. 296s. 298s. 300s. 302s. 304s. 306s. 308s. 310s. 312s. 314s. 316s. 318s. 320s. 322s. 324s. 326s. 328s. 330s. 332s. 334s. 336s. 338s. 340s. 342s. 344s. 346s. 348s. 350s. 352s. 354s. 356s. 358s. 360s. 362s. 364s. 366s. 368s. 370s. 372s. 374s. 376s. 378s. 380s. 382s. 384s. 386s. 388s. 390s. 392s. 394s. 396s. 398s. 400s. 402s. 404s. 406s. 408s. 410s. 412s. 414s. 416s. 418s. 420s. 422s. 424s. 426s. 428s. 430s. 432s. 434s. 436s. 438s. 440s. 442s. 444s. 446s. 448s. 450s. 452s. 454s. 456s. 458s. 460s. 462s. 464s. 466s. 468s. 470s. 472s. 474s. 476s. 478s. 480s. 482s. 484s. 486s. 488s. 490s. 492s. 494s. 496s. 498s. 500s. 502s. 504s. 506s. 508s. 510s. 512s. 514s. 516s. 518s. 520s. 522s. 524s. 526s. 528s. 530s. 532s. 534s. 536s. 538s. 540s. 542s. 544s. 546s. 548s. 550s. 552s. 554s. 556s. 558s. 560s. 562s. 564s. 566s. 568s. 570s. 572s. 574s. 576s. 578s. 580s. 582s. 584s. 586s. 588s. 590s. 592s. 594s. 596s. 598s. 600s. 602s. 604s. 606s. 608s. 610s. 612s. 614s. 616s. 618s. 620s. 622s. 624s. 626s. 628s. 630s. 632s. 634s. 636s. 638s. 640s. 642s. 644s. 646s. 648s. 650s. 652s. 654s. 656s. 658s. 660s. 662s. 664s. 666s. 668s. 670s. 672s. 674s. 676s. 678s. 680s. 682s. 684s. 686s. 688s. 690s. 692s. 694s. 696s. 698s. 700s. 702s. 704s. 706s. 708s. 710s. 712s. 714s. 716s. 718s. 720s. 722s. 724s. 726s. 728s. 730s. 732s. 734s. 736s. 738s. 740s. 742s. 744s. 746s. 748s. 750s. 752s. 754s. 756s. 758s. 760s. 762s. 764s. 766s. 768s. 770s. 772s. 774s. 776s. 778s. 780s. 782s. 784s. 786s. 788s. 790s. 792s. 794s. 796s. 798s. 800s. 802s. 804s. 806s. 808s. 810s. 812s. 814s. 816s. 818s. 820s. 822s. 824s. 826s. 828s. 830s. 832s. 834s. 836s. 838s. 840s. 842s. 844s. 846s. 848s. 850s. 852s. 854s. 856s. 858s. 860s. 862s. 864s. 866s. 868s. 870s. 872s. 874s. 876s. 878s. 880s. 882s. 884s. 886s. 888s. 890s. 892s. 894s. 896s. 898s. 900s. 902s. 904s. 906s. 908s. 910s. 912s. 914s. 916s. 918s. 920s. 922s. 924s. 926s. 928s. 930s. 932s. 934s. 936s. 938s. 940s. 942s. 944s. 946s. 948s. 950s. 952s. 954s. 956s. 958s. 960s. 962s. 964s. 966s. 968s. 970s. 972s. 974s. 976s. 978s. 980s. 982s. 984s. 986s. 988s. 990s. 992s. 994s. 996s. 998s. 1000s. 1002s. 1004s. 1006s. 1008s. 1010s. 1012s. 1014s. 1016s. 1018s. 1020s. 1022s. 1024s. 1026s. 1028s. 1030s. 1032s. 1034s. 1036s. 1038s. 1040s. 1042s. 1044s. 1046s. 1048s. 1050s. 1052s. 1054s. 1056s. 1058s. 1060s. 1062s. 1064s. 1066s. 1068s. 1070s. 1072s. 1074s. 1076s. 1078s. 1080s. 1082s. 1084s. 1086s. 1088s. 1090s. 1092s. 1094s. 1096s. 1098s. 1100s. 1102s. 1104s. 1106s. 1108s. 1110s. 1112s. 1114s. 1116s. 1118s. 1120s. 1122s. 1124s. 1126s. 1128s. 1130s. 1132s. 1134s. 1136s. 1138s. 1140s. 1142s. 1144s. 1146s. 1148s. 1150s. 1152s. 1154s. 1156s. 1158s. 1160s. 1162s. 1164s. 1166s. 1168s. 1170s. 1172s. 1174s. 1176s. 1178s. 1180s. 1182s. 1184s. 1186s. 1188s. 1190s. 1192s. 1194s. 1196s. 1198s. 1200s. 1202s. 1204s. 1206s. 1208s. 1210s. 1212s. 1214s. 1216s. 1218s. 1220s. 1222s. 1224s. 1226s. 1228s. 1230s. 1232s. 1234s. 1236s. 1238s. 1240s. 1242s. 1244s. 1246s. 1248s. 1250s. 1252s. 1254s. 1256s. 1258s. 1260s. 1262s. 1264s. 1266s. 1268s. 1270s. 1272s. 1274s. 1276s. 1278s. 1280s. 1282s. 1284s. 1286s. 1288s. 1290s. 1292s. 1294s. 1296s. 1298s. 1300s. 1302s. 1304s. 1306s. 1308s. 1310s. 1312s. 1314s. 1316s. 1318s. 1320s. 1322s. 1324s. 1326s. 1328s. 1330s. 1332s. 1334s. 1336s. 1338s. 1340s. 1342s. 1344s. 1346s. 1348s. 1350s. 1352s. 1354s. 1356s. 1358s. 1360s. 1362s. 1364s. 1366s. 1368s. 1370s. 1372s. 1374s. 1376s. 1378s. 1380s. 1382s. 1384s. 1386s. 1388s. 1390s. 1392s. 1394s. 1396s. 1398s. 1400s. 1402s. 1404s. 1406s. 1408s. 1410s. 1412s. 1414s. 1416s. 1418s. 1420s. 1422s. 1424s. 1426s. 1428s. 1430s. 1432s. 1434s. 1436s. 1438s. 1440s. 1442s. 1444s. 1446s. 1448s. 1450s. 1452s. 1454s. 1456s. 1458s. 1460s. 1462s. 1464s. 1466s. 1468s. 1470s. 1472s. 1474s. 1476s. 1478s. 1480s. 1482s. 1484s. 1486s. 1488s. 1490s. 1492s. 1494s. 1496s. 1498s. 1500s. 1502s. 1504s. 1506s. 1508s. 1510s. 1512s. 1514s. 1516s. 1518s. 1520s. 1522s. 1524s. 1526s. 1528s. 1530s. 1532s. 1534s. 1536s. 1538s. 1540s. 1542s. 1544s. 1546s. 1548s. 1550s. 1552s. 1554s. 1556s. 1558s. 1560s. 1562s. 1564s. 1566s. 1568s. 1570s. 1572s. 1574s. 1576s. 1578s. 1580s. 1582s. 1584s. 1586s. 1588s. 1590s. 1592s. 1594s. 1596s. 1598s. 1600s. 1602s. 1604s. 1606s. 1608s. 1610s. 1612s. 1614s. 1616s. 1618s. 1620s. 1622s. 1624s. 1626s. 1628s. 1630s. 1632s. 1634s. 1636s. 1638s. 1640s. 1642s. 1644s. 1646s. 1648s. 1650s. 1652s. 1654s. 1656s. 1658s. 1660s. 1662s. 1664s. 1666s. 1668s. 1670s. 1672s. 1674s. 1676s. 1678s. 1680s. 1682s. 1684s. 1686s. 1688s. 1690s. 1692s. 1694s. 1696s. 1698s. 1700s. 1702s. 1704s. 1706s. 1708s. 1710s. 1712s. 1714s. 1716s. 1718s. 1720s. 1722s. 1724s. 1726s. 1728s. 1730s. 1732s. 1734s. 1736s. 1738s. 1740s. 1742s. 1744s. 1746s. 1748s. 1750s. 1752s. 1754s. 1756s. 1758s. 1760s. 1762s. 1764s. 1766s. 1768s. 1770s. 1772s. 1774s. 1776s. 1778s. 1780s. 1782s. 1784s. 1786s. 1788s. 1790s. 1792s. 1794s. 1796s. 1798s. 1800s. 1802s. 1804s. 1806s. 1808s. 1810s. 1812s. 1814s. 1816s. 1818s. 1820s. 1822s. 1824s. 1826s. 1828s. 1830s. 1832s. 1834s. 1836s. 1838s. 1840s. 1842s. 1844s. 1846s. 1848s. 1850s. 1852s. 1854s. 1856s. 1858s. 1860s. 1862s. 1864s. 1866s. 1868s. 1870s. 1872s. 1874s. 1876s. 1878s. 1880s. 1882s. 1884s. 1886s. 1888s. 1890s. 1892s. 1894s. 1896s. 1898s. 1900s. 1902s. 1904s. 1906s. 1908s. 1910s. 1912s. 1914s. 1916s. 1918s. 1920s. 1922s. 1924s. 1926s. 1928s. 1930s. 1932s. 1934s. 1936s. 1938s. 1940s. 1942s. 1944s. 1946s. 1948s. 1950s. 1952s. 1954s. 1956s. 1958s. 1960s. 1962s. 1964s. 1966s. 1968s. 1970s. 1972s. 1974s. 1976s. 1978s. 1980s. 1982s. 1984s. 1986s. 1988s. 1990s. 1992s. 1994s. 1996s. 1998s. 2000s. 2002s. 2004s. 2006s. 2008s. 2010s. 2012s. 2014s. 2016s. 2018s. 2020s. 2022s. 2024s. 2026s. 2028s. 2030s. 2032s. 2034s. 2036s. 2038s. 2040s. 2042s. 2044s. 2046s. 2048s. 2050s. 2052s. 2054s. 2056s. 2058s. 2060s. 2062s. 2064s. 2066s. 2068s. 2070s. 2072s. 2074s. 2076s. 2078s. 2080s. 2082s. 2084s. 2086s. 2088s. 2090s. 2092s. 2094s. 2096s. 2098s. 2100s. 2102s. 2104s. 2106s. 2108s. 2110s. 2112s. 2114s. 2116s. 2118s. 2120s. 2122s. 2124s. 2126s. 2128s. 2130s. 2132s. 2134s. 2136s. 2138s. 2140s. 2142s. 2144s. 2146s. 2148s. 2150s. 2152s. 2154s. 2156s. 2158s. 2160s. 2162s. 2164s. 2166s. 2168s. 2170s. 2172s. 2174s. 2176s. 2178s. 2180s. 2182s. 2184s. 2186s. 2188s. 2190s. 2192s. 2194s. 2196s. 2198s. 2200s. 2202s. 2204s. 2206s. 2208s. 2210s. 2212s. 2214s. 2216s. 2218s. 2220s. 2222s. 2224s. 2226s. 2228s. 2230s. 2232s. 2234s. 2236s. 2238s. 2240s. 2242s. 2244s. 2246s. 2248s. 2250s. 2252s. 2254s. 2256s. 2258s. 2260s. 2262s. 2264s. 2266s. 2268s. 2270s. 2272s. 2274s. 2276s. 2278s. 2280s. 2282s. 2284s. 2286s. 2288s. 2290s. 2292s. 2294s. 2296s. 2298s. 2300s. 2302s. 2304s. 2306s. 2308s. 2310s. 2312s. 2314s. 2316s. 2318s. 2320s. 2322s. 2324s. 2326s. 2328s. 2330s. 2332s. 2334s. 2336s. 2338s. 2340s. 2342s. 2344s. 2346s. 2348s. 2350s. 2352s. 2354s. 2356s. 2358s. 2360s. 2362s. 2364s. 2366s. 2368s. 2370s. 2372s. 2374s. 2376s. 2378s. 2380s. 2382s. 2384s. 2386s. 2388s. 2390s. 2392s. 2394s. 2396s. 2398s. 2400s. 2402s. 2404s. 2406s. 2408s. 2410s. 2412s. 2414s. 2416s. 2418s. 2420s. 2422s. 2424s. 2426s. 2428s. 2430s. 2432s. 2434s. 2436s. 2438s. 2440s. 2442s. 2444s. 2446s. 2448s. 2450s. 2452s. 2454s. 2456s. 2458s. 2460s. 2462s. 2464s. 2466s. 2468s. 2470s. 2472s. 2474s. 2476s. 2478s. 2480s. 2482s. 2484s. 2486s. 2488s. 2490s. 2492s. 2494s. 2496s. 2498s. 2500s. 2502s. 2504s. 2506s. 2508s. 2510s. 2512s. 2514s. 2516s. 2518s. 2520s. 2522s. 2524s. 2526s. 2528s. 2530s. 2532s. 2534s. 2536s. 2538s. 2540s. 2542s. 2544s. 2546s. 2548s. 2550s. 2552s. 2554s. 2556s. 2558s. 2560s. 2562s. 2564s. 2566s. 2568s. 2570s. 2572s. 2574s. 2576s. 2578s. 2580s. 2582s. 2584s. 2586s. 2588s. 2590s. 2592s. 2594s. 2596s. 2598s. 2600s. 2602s. 2604s. 2606s. 2608s. 2610s. 2612s. 2614s. 2616s. 2618s. 2620s. 2622s. 2624s. 2626s. 2628s. 263

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## LONDON ORIENTAL INSTITUTION.

29, Leicester Square, established, under the Patronage of the Hon. East India Company, by Dr. J. H. GILCHRIST, LL.D. and by him, in 1830, assigned to the sole Management of SANDFORD ARNOT, Member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and DUNCAN FORBES, A.M. for initiating Gentlemen proceeding to British India, and other parts of the East, in the Oriental Languages, and in the Principles and Colloquial Practice of the most essential Native Languages.

This is the only Oriental Seminary in the British metropolis at which the most important Languages of India, the Hindoostanee, Persian, and Bengalee, are taught by persons who have actually studied and practised them among the Natives of the East, according to the system followed at the East India College of Harebury, and at Addiscombe, and in India, as well as at the different Universities in Europe.

In proof of the advantage of their System, the Conductors of this Institution will, in a few days, publish a Report, containing a List of above Two Hundred Oriental Students who have, under their Tuition, commenced these Languages; with an Account of the Public Honours bestowed on their Attainments when entering the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Further information may be obtained, and the Report had gratis, on application to Messrs. Howell and Stewart, 495, Holborn; or Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Russell, the East, in the Commercial Principles and Colloquial Practice of the most essential Native Languages.

Classes for public and private Tuition open every Day, on payment of Fees.

## AUTOMATA. Now open, at the Horse

Bazar, King Street, and Baker Street, Portman Square, the splendid Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automata, comprising nearly Twenty different Subjects, including the celebrated Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Magician, Rope Dancer, and Walking Figure; also a magnificent Glass Vase, made by order of Napoleon, together with a Serpent, Birds, Insects, and other Subjects of Natural History. The whole displaying, by their exact imitations of Animated Nature, the wonderful Powers of Mechanism.

Open from Eleven till Six.

Admission, 1s. 6d.—Children, 1s.

N.B. The whole of the Exhibition for Sale; also, several self-acting and other Musical Instruments.

## TO LIBRARIANS, BOOKSELLERS, AND

STATIONERS. The Thirteen Years' Lease of those extensive French Libraries, 55, Rathbone Place, with the Shelves, and all other necessary Fixtures required for an extensive Circulating Library, to be sold on moderate Terms. The Proprietor of the above Library having only very recently retired from Business, the old Connections may be resumed with great advantage by the Purchaser of the Lease, for which every Facility is offered, by transfer of the Account Books, &c. affording an excellent opportunity for one or two young Men wishing to commence Business in the above Line. Immediate possession will be given.

For further Particulars, apply to Mr. Hudson, Auctioneer, Rathbone Place.

## SELECT PORTRAITS OF DISTIN-

GUISHED INDIVIDUALS. With Biographical Memoirs.

A Publication under the above Title having been announced by Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Booksellers, of Conduit Street, London, as "a Companion to Mr. Lodge's justly admired Series," the Publishers of Mr. Lodge's Work had much respectably to acquaint the Nobility of the Kingdom, who have so powerfully contributed to the production of his Collection of Portraits and Biographies, by granting access to the finest Pictures in their Galleries from whence to select the subjects, and to the information of the Subscribers generally, that the publication thus announced as a Companion to Mr. Lodge's Work is not in any way connected with it. Mr. Lodge's Collection of Portraits and Biographies, in progress, embraces all the promised features of the anonymous Publication thus sought to be fixed upon it as a Companion, and will be complete and perfect within itself.

HARDING and LEFARD, Pall Mall East.

Just published, dedicated, by permission, to Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia.

## A PRINT OF REBELS DEFEATED.

(Companion to Rebels Shooting a Prisoner, engraved by J. Romney, from a Picture by Mr. T. Webster. Price 10s. 6d.; French Proof 16s.; India paper Proofs 21s.) before the Letters 21s. 6d.

Published by Moon, Bay, and Graves, Printers to the King, 4, Pall Mall.

N.B. Rebels Shooting a Prisoner, may be had of the Publishers, and all Printers, at the above Prices.

## MUSIC.

Musical Christmas Presents.

The elegant and popular Work.

**THALIA**, tastefully bound in a Volume, will be found a most acceptable and useful Present, either to the Learner, or the accomplished Practitioner of the Guitar. It consists (together with some original Compositions), of a choice Collection of the most favourite Pieces, Instrumental and Vocal, selected from the Works of Giuliani, Diabelli, Canelli, &c. and other eminent Composers; the whole arranged and fingered by C. Eulenstein. Price One Guinea.

The above Work may be had in single Numbers, of which there are Twelve, at 8s. each; or the Set, unbound, 11s. The reader, for highly favourable commendations of this work, is respectfully referred to the *Literary Gazette* of 29th March, the *Harmonicon* for June and July; the *Weekly Times* of 25th of June; the *Athenaeum*, &c. &c. &c.

Published by Messrs. Davis, Bow-Instrument Manufacturers to His Majesty, 21, Coventry Street, Haymarket, there are an extensive Assortment of Guitars, manufactured by them, on a highly approved Principle, and other Musical Instruments, may always be had.

Very superior Italian Strings for Harp, Guitar, Violin, Violoncello, &c.

## THE MUSICAL BIJOU for 1829.

Edited by F. H. BURNEY.

Contents.

The Harp of Ovidian. . . . . The Harp by . . . . . The Music by  
I have known thee in the . . . . . T. A. Rawlings.  
Sunshine. . . . . W. B. Bellamy. . . . . C. F. Horn.  
False Rosalind. . . . . J. H. Burney. . . . . H. R. Bishop.  
O tempo me not with . . . . .  
Jewels bright. . . . .  
Now the Lamp of . . . . .  
has fled. . . . . J. Barnatt.  
The Dream. . . . . Mrs. C. B. Wilson. . . . . Sir J. Stevenson  
When the Moon shines . . . . . H. R. Bishop.  
bright. . . . .  
My gentle Lute. . . . . S. Lover.  
Fledge me to bring. . . . . E. Fitz Ball. . . . . G. H. Rodwell.  
Will you come where? . . . . .  
The Sweet Briar grows . . . . . Harry Sive Van Dyck. . . . . J. Barnatt.  
—Dust. . . . .  
My Ruins, my Darling. . . . . The Strick Shepherd. . . . . H. R. Bishop.

Instrumental.

MS. Vally . . . . . J. W. Holder.  
My Rag's popular Song . . . . . never blamed him, . . . . . G. Kialmark.  
never arranged with variations by . . . . . F. Burrows.  
Air with Variations . . . . . Sir Walter Scott. . . . . T. Valentine.  
A Set of Quadrilles from Juber's admired Opera; . . . . . T. Valentine.  
La Muette di Portici, arranged by . . . . .

Prose and Poetical Articles.

The Bonquet . . . . .  
The Lady of Kienat Tower . . . . . J. R. Planché.  
The Graig's Foot . . . . . E. Fitz Ball.  
The Elbow of . . . . . Mrs. Cornwell Barry Wilson.  
The Maid of Newgate . . . . . Sir Walter Scott.  
Stanzas . . . . . F. H. B.  
Il Fanatico per la Musica . . . . . A Musical Amateur.  
The Music Master of Venice . . . . . R. Ryan.  
The whole illustrated by several highly finished Lithographic  
Engravings, from Drawings by H. Corboud, L. Haghe, &c. &c.  
Goulding and D'Almeida, 30, South Square, London.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 8vo. price 6s. boards.

**A SERIES OF OBSERVATIONS ON**  
STRUCTURES OF THE URETHRA, giving an Account  
some newly invented Instruments, and of a Method of Treat-  
ment by which the most obstinate and aggravated Forms of that  
Complaint have been safely and effectually cured. Illustrated  
by Cases and a Plate.  
By RICHARD ANTHONY STAFFORD,  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and lately House  
Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

"The information is highly valuable, and Mr. Stafford deserves  
the thanks of the profession for the ingenuity of his invention."  
*Med. and Surg. Journal*, Oct. 1828.

"We think Mr. Stafford's plan ingenious, and he has put it  
before the public very fairly and impartially."—*London Medical  
Gazette*, Aug. 9, 1828.

Also, preparing for publication, by the same Author,

**A Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of**  
the Spine; being the Substance of an Essay to which the Jack-  
sonian Prize was adjudged, by a Committee of the Royal College  
of Surgeons, in the Year 1820.  
London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green,  
Paternoster Row; and the Author, 15, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

In fols. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. the 7th edition of

## THE COURSE OF TIME. A Poem,

in Ten Books.

By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.

"In this edition, Arguments are prefixed to each Book.  
Printed for William Bicknell, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell,  
Strand, London."

2d edition, dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, in 1 vol.  
8vo. with Maps and Plans. 21s.

## THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY'S

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE LATE WAR IN THE

PENINSULA.

"We consider this volume to be not only the most interesting,  
but by far the most important work which has yet appeared on  
the subject of the Peninsular War."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

In fols. 8vo. price 6s. boards.

## THE BEAUTIES OF ST. FRANCIS DE

SALES, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. Selected and

translated from the Writings of John Peter Cusani, Bishop of

Belley.  
London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green;  
and J. J. Cowing, Barnet.

Small 8vo. 6s. boards.

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, containing the real Inci-

dents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded; in  
which also the Events of his Life, drawn from authentic Sources,  
are traced from his birth, in 1676, till his death, in 1722. With  
an Appendix, comprising a Description of the Island of Juan  
Fernandez, and some curious Information relating to his Ship-  
mates, &c.

By JOHN HOWELL.

Editor of the "Journal of a Soldier of the Seventy-first Regi-  
ment," the "Life and Adventures of John Niles, Mariner," &c.  
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and  
Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

In 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST,

containing

Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs, with Ameri-  
can anecdotes connected with the First Settlement of the Western Terri-  
tories of the United States.

By the Hon. JUDGE MALL.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

For Schools and Young Persons.

In 8vo. price 2s. 6d. boards.

## AN ABRIDGMENT of the Rev.

H. SOAMERS'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Edited by G. and J. A. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and

Waterson Place, Pall Mall.

Of whom may be had,

The History complete, in Four large Vols.

8vo. price 21s. 6d. boards.

In 3 vols. price 11s. 6d.

## THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

"Under this title, the authoress of *De Laide* has just pro-  
duced a new work. It consists of two tales, both full of thought,  
and in the highest degree pathetic. They are those remnants of  
real life of which Lord Byron says most truly, we hear and see  
more than we shall ever read; and their force is not diminished  
by our knowing that such tragedies are acted in the streets we  
daily traverse, and by people we almost know personally."—*Pitts*,  
Nov. 21.

Printed for Edward Baily, New Public Subscription Library,  
65, Holles Street, Gresham Square.

Of whom may be had, the new edition of

The Romance of History, by Henry Neele,

8 vols. 11s. 6d.

*Eyncliffe*, with coloured Figures of Castella,  
Japanica, price 14s. boards.

## THE GREEN-HOUSE COMPANION;

comprising a general Course of Green-house and Conser-

vatory Management throughout the Year, with particular Direc-

tions for the Management of Hyacinths and Plants in Pots.

"The rapid sale of a very large impression, is at once evidence  
of the growing interest attached to the subject; and also, as the  
author hopes, may be allowed to infer, of the satisfactory man-  
ner in which he has executed his task in the short treatise  
which he now offers a second edition."—*Preface* to Second Edition.

Printed for Harding and Lepard, 4, Pall Mall East, London.

8 vols. crown 8vo. 51s. 6d. 4th edition of

## ANASTASIUS, or, Memoirs of a Modern

Greek.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Tales of a Grandfather, Second Series.

In 2 vols. 18mo. with Engravings, 10s. 6d. a Second Series of

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER; being

Stories taken from the History of Scotland, from the

Accession of James the First of England to the Union of the

Kingdoms. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

Printed for Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; and Simpkin and

Marshall, London.

Of whom may be had,

1. Tales of a Grandfather, First Series, a

new edition, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.

2. St. Valentine's Day; or, the Fair Maid

of Perth, by the Author of Waverley, forming the Second Series

of Chronicles of the Canongate. 2d edition, 3 vols. 11s. 6d.

3. Chronicles of the Canongate, by the Au-

thor of Waverley, 1st Series, 2d edition, 4 vols. 11s. 6d.

4. The Cook's Oracle, a new edition, 7s. 6d.

"We consider the 'Cook's Oracle' to be the best plan of the  
science of good eating."—*Monthly Review*, Dec. 1821.

In 12mo. 3d edition, enlarged, price 2s. boards.

## SURE METHODS OF IMPROVING

HEALTH AND PROLONGING LIFE, by regulating the

Diet and Regimen; embracing all the most approved Principles

of Health and Longevity, and exhibiting the marvellous Power

of proper Food, Air, Exercise, &c. in the cure of obstinate

Chronic Diseases, as well as in promoting Health and Long Life.

To which are added, Maxims for the Bilious and Nervous, the

Consumptive, &c. Illustrated by Cases.

By A PHYSICIAN.

"We are disposed to think it the most useful and rational

work of the kind we have met with. It is an admirable code of

health."—*Scotsman*.

"We warmly recommend it."—*New Literary Gazette*.

"It is written by one gifted with good sense, as well as slight

feeling, and guided, as we conceive, by enlightened views and

liberal sentiments."—*Scotsman*.

"That this work has been the result of mature study and pro-

tracted experience, we fully believe; and that men of all habits

will derive instruction from it, calculated to increase their com-

fort and extend their days, is so firmly our conviction."—*Edin-*

burgh Observer.

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court,  
London; and sold by all Booksellers.

Bampton Lecture for 1829.

In 8vo. price 8s. in boards.

## THE RELIGIOUS NECESSITY OF THE

REFORMATION ASSERTED, and the extent to which

it was carried in the Church of England Visited, by Eight

Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year

1829, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton,

M.A. Canon of Salisbury.

By THOMAS HORNE, B.D.

Rector of St. Katharine Coleman, and formerly Student of

Christ Church.

Oxford: Printed for J. Parker; and C. and J. Rivington, London.

COMPLETION of the WORKS OF

CANOVA.

The Subscribers to the Works of Antonio Canova, engraved

by Henry Meles, are respectfully informed that the Third Volume,

containing Fifty-five Engravings of Statues, Groups, Busts, Mus-

cuments, &c. &c. &c. together with all the Niccolai struck to

the honour of this celebrated Sculptor, is now ready for deli-

very. This Volume contains, besides the Letterpress Descriptions

of the Countess of Albini, 'Thoughts of Art,' as expressed by

Canova to an intimate Friend.

Published by Septimus Proctor, 55, Pall Mall.

Literary Friends,  
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

# THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

In 4 vols. 8vo. with 2 Charts, &c. 3s.  
2. Personal History of Napoleon Buonaparte. Two pocket vols. beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood and Steel. Nearly ready, and to form the first of a Series of Modern Biographies.

3. Southey's Life of Nelson. 2 vols. 10s.  
4. Hallam's History of the Middle Ages. 3 vols. 8vo. 35s.

5. ——— England. 3 vols. 8vo. 35s.  
6. Bishop Heber's Journey through the Upper Provinces of Calcutta. A 3d edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 35s.

7. Captain Franklin's Voyages to the Polar Sea. Beautifully printed in four pocket vols. similar to those published last year of Captain Parry's Voyages, and illustrated with Portraits of Captain Franklin, Captain Back, Dr. Richardson, Hebern, a Map, with Sixteen Views, engraved on Steel, by Pindar, (in all 24 Plates). Price only 35s.

8. Captain Parry's Voyages, with a Portrait, Map, and several Views. 3 pocket vols. 8vo. 35s.

9. Captain Head's Notes across the Pampas and among the Andes. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

10. Lord Byron's Poems, with Portrait and Plates. 4 pocket vols. 18mo. only 15s.

11. Crabbe's Poetical Works. In 8 vols. 8vo. 35s. 6d.

12. Milman's Fall of Jerusalem, 8vo. 8s. 6d. Martyr of Antioch, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Belshazzar, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Anne Boleyn, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

13. The Sketch Book. By Washington Irving. In 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

14. Bracebridge Hall. By the same. In 2 vols. small 8vo. 15s.

15. Tales of a Traveller. 2 vols. small 8vo. price 15s.

16. Fairy Legends and Traditions of Ireland, 3 vols. 8vo. 35s. 6d. Vol. I. may be had separately.

17. Anastasis; or, Memoirs of a Modern Greek. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

18. Adventures of Hajji Baba. 3 vols. 21s.

19. Hajji Baba in England. 2 vols. 15s.

20. Sketches of Persian Life and Manners, 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

21. Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England, comprising a variety of interesting information for Young Persons. 3 vols. small 8vo. 15s.

22. Mrs. Markham's History of England, with Wood Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

23. ——— History of France. 2 vols. 12mo. price 16s.

24. History of Spain, upon the Plan of Mrs. Markham's Histories of France and England. By Maria Callcott. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

25. Stories from the History of England, 8th edition, 12mo. 12s.

26. Major Denham and Captain Clapperton's Travels in Northern and Central Africa. 3d edition, with Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. 35s.

Notice of a Work just published in 1 vol. 8vo. with Plate, 15s. dedicated to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, on the PRESENT STATE OF THE TENANCY OF LAND IN GREAT BRITAIN, with Customs between Landlords and Tenants; collected from a late Survey by the Author; with Remarks on the Agriculture, &c. in the several Counties. Published by Ridgway, Piccadilly; and sold by all the principal Booksellers in Town and Country.

"An able introduction dwells on the danger of too great a depreciation of agricultural produce, and furnishes most valuable original information on the subjects most interesting to landlords and tenants."—*Literary Gazette*, 9th Aug. 1828.

"This is a single volume, which contains a mass of information of the most valuable nature; being, in fact, an epitome of the practice of all the chief agricultural districts in England, Scotland, and Wales."—*Farmer's Journal*, 29th Aug. 1828.

"The author, by collecting into one volume an accurate account of the local customs of each county, have produced a work which with useful information, interesting not only to the landowner and farmer, but where such matters are under legal investigation, by suggesting important questions, it is calculated greatly to promote an expeditious and equitable decision on the subjects under consideration."—*Review*, 2d Sep. 1828.

"Which will be found replete with useful information, and equally interesting to the landlord and farmer."—*Country Chronicle*, 15th Nov. 1828.

"We again repeat our commendation of this very useful work, and hope the elaborate attention of its authors will be rewarded by the universal praise of all those who are connected with, or interested in, agricultural pursuits."—*British Farmer's Magazine*, Nov. 1828.

In 12mo. 7s. boards.  
**MY GRANDFATHER'S FARM; or, Pictures of Rural Life.**

Contents: The Schoolboy—The Farm—The Fire—the Farmer—the Delegation—the Old Castle—the Bell—the Seashore—the Plowing—the Rucking—the Trial—the Soldier—the Step-daughter—the Egg Gatherer—the Farmer—the Widow—the Angler—the Lovers—the Consumption—the Yew—the Departure—the Reunion.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. H. Whittaker, London.

November 1828.

## CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

The Proprietors of this most valuable Work beg to call the public attention to the annexed List of what have been published. More than Four Thousand Copies of every volume are printed, and many of them have been reprinted. A volume containing as much as a thick 8vo. is published every Three Weeks, price only 6s. 6d. cloth boards; or, on its paper, and done up in a superior manner, price 5s. Also, inserted to suit the convenience of all parties, it may be had in Weekly Parts (Three Parts forming a Volume), price 1s. each. Each Work is complete in itself, and may be had separately.

London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

Works already published.

Vols. 1 to 3, Captain Basil Hall's Voyages.

4. Adventures of British Seamen in the Southern Ocean. By H. Murray, F.R.S.E.

5. Memoirs of Larochejaquelein. With a Preface and Notes. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

6. and 7. Converts from Infidelity. By Andrew Crichton.

8. and 9. Symes' Embassy to Ava. With a Narrative of the late Military and Political Operations in the Burman Empire.

10. Table-Talk; or, Selections from the Annals of Perils and Captivity.

11. Selections of the most Remarkable Phenomena of Nature.

12. and 13. Mariner's Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean.

14. and 15. Rebellion in Scotland, in 1745, by Robert Chambers, Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c.

16. Roberts' Narrative of Voyages and Excursions in Central America.

17. and 18. The Historical Works of Frederick Schiller, from the German, by George Mair, Esq. Translator of "Wallenstein."

19. and 20. Illustrations of British History, by Richard Thomson, Esq.

21. The General Register of Politics, Science, and Literature, for 1829.

22. Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart, LL.D.

23. and 24. Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Henry Glassford Bell, Esq.

25. Evidences of Christianity. By the Venerable Archbishop Whangan.

26. and 27. Memorials of the late War, 1820, 1821, 1822. By John Russell, Esq. Advocate.

28. and 29. The Rebellions in Scotland under Montrose, from 1620 to 1629. By Robert Chambers, Author of the "Rebellion of 1745." 3 vols.

Popular Novels, just published by Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street.

**THE DISOWNED.**  
By the Author of "Folkland." A Novel, in 4 vols.

2. Tales of Woman. Designed to exhibit the Female Character in its brightest Points of View. In 3 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

3. Zillah; a Tale of the Holy City. By the Author of "Bramble House," "the 'Tor Hill,'" and "Keuben Apley." In 4 vols.

4. Tales of the Great St. Bernard. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.

Contents: The Englishman's Tale—The Captain's Tale—The Austrian's Tale—The Englishman's Tale—The Spaniard's Tale—The Italian's Tale—The Carbonaro, &c. &c.

5. The Protestant; a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary. By the Author of "De Foix," and the "White Hoods." 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.

6. The Man of Two Lives; a Narrative, written by Himself. 3 vols. post 8vo. 15s.

"Whether this be, or be not, I'll not swear."—*Sketcher*.

In a few days.

7. The Castilian. By Don Telesforo de Trucos y Cols, Author of "Gomez Arias." In 3 vols. post 8vo. Let us call it mischief! When it is past, and proper'd, 'twill be virtue. Ben Jonson.

3d edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 35s.

**THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY**

OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.

By HENRY HALLAM.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Middle Ages, 4th edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

In 2 large vols. 8vo. with 70 Plates, price 2l. 5s. bound in leather, and lettered.

**ST. PETERSBURGH; a Journal of Travels**

to and from that Capital, through Flanders, along the Banks of the Rhine, through Franconia, Russia, Poland, Saxony, Silesia, Bavaria, and France.

By A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. M.R.S. &c.

"As a book for tourists to consult, Dr. Granville's is certainly a very superior guide, and its ornaments are another great recommendation to it. He enjoyed opportunities of seeing more than any writer upon that city with whom we are acquainted."—*Literary Gazette*.

"It should find a place in every drawing-room in England."—*Atlas*.

Printed for Henry Colburn, & New Burlington Street.

Collection of Bulbs, Plants in Brooms, &c.

## THE HOTHOUSE AND GREENHOUSE MANUAL; or, Botanical Cultivator. Containing full practical instructions for the proper Management and Cultivation of all Plants, Shrubs, &c. the Soil best suited for them, &c.

By ROBERT SYDNEY, F.R.S.

Also, by the same Author.

1. Sweet's Hortus Britannicus; or, a Catalogue of every Plant known or cultivated in this Country. One thick vol. 8vo. 24s. And

2. Geraniums. The Natural Order of this beautiful Family of Plants, with plain Directions for their Cultivation and Management. Illustrated by Four highly finished coloured Plates. No. V. 8s.

James Ridgway, 130, Piccadilly; No. 90, Paternoster Row; and all Booksellers and Newsmen.

Companion to the Almanack.

Neatly and closely printed in 12mo. price 10s. 6d.

**THE POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF NATURAL PHENOMENA,** for the Use of Mariners, Shipbuilders, Gardeners, Husbandmen, and others.

By T. FORSTER, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

In the present work the object has been to compress as much matter into as small a compass as possible, in order to render it commodious and portable, and to constitute it a book of popular entertainment and utility.

It is divided into Five Parts. I. Prognostics of the Weather from actual Observations—II. Indications of the Seasons; Flow of Plants, Migration of Birds, &c. and other Periodical Phenomena—III. Astronomical Signs of the Seasons, or Time of Year—IV. Rustic Calendar—V. Catalogues of the Flora Britannica, or Hardy Ornamental Plants; and the Ornithological Europe, or Birds of Europe.

J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

**THE ANGLO-IRISH. A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.**

"The singular character of this novel, and the peculiarity of talent in every chapter, might have directed public conjectures better than to the several eminent persons to whom it has been attributed. The incidents of Irish history, and the character, notions, feelings, and habits, engendered by the unprecedented situation of the people, combining to form a source of interest as fertile as any to be found in any of the great Novels of the North has created his Scotch historical romance."—*Morning Chronicle*.

Printed for Henry Colburn, & New Burlington Street.

In 3 vols. 12mo. price 18s.

**FASHIONABLE MYSTERIES; or, the Royal Duchesses.**

By FRANCIS LATHOM, Author of the "Mysterious Frolics of 'Unknown,'" "Fatal Vow," "Live and Let Live," &c.

Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London.

New editions of the following are now ready:

Riband Chief, by the Author of *Eustace Fitz-Rand*, 3d edition, 4 vols. 11. 3s.

Italian, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, 5th edition, 4 vols. 11.

Manfrone; or, the One-Handed Monk, 3d edition, 4 vols. 11.

Just published by J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street, in 1 vol. 4to. price 2l. 10s. (and illustrative Prints, price 15s.)

**FOREIGN TOPOGRAPHY; or, an Encyclopedic Account, alphabetically arranged, of the Ancient Remains in Asia, Africa, and Europe, (the United Kingdom excepted).**

By the Rev. T. D. FORBROKE, M.A. F.R.S.

This volume is intended as a Sequel to the *Encyclopaedia of Antiquities*, which is a printed volume. It includes Accounts of Athens, Rome, Ephesus, Palmyra, Paphos, Thebes, Persepolis, Pompeii, &c. &c. about a Thousand Articles of various kind, in short, every kind of the slightest moment, prior to the Age of Constantine. It contains a large mass of latest, curious, and instructive information. In the Work is prefixed an Introduction, or Catalogue Raisonné of the chief matters of general Archaeology, deducible from the local Descriptions. An Index of the Modern Names (not synonymous with the ancient) of the Places described, and a List, hitherto unpublished in England, of the Symbols and Legends of Greek Provincial Coins, are also given.

2. Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England. Together with two Ancient Ballads, a Dialogue, &c. Collected by Davies Gilbert, F.R.S. &c. 3d edition, price 6s. boards.

"Mr. Gilbert has made safe, for some centuries at least, a record of our ancient Christmas Carols. These carols are genuine national curiosities."—*London Museum*.

Signor Guido Sorelli, the Florentine Translator of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Professor of the Italian Language, Rhetoric, and Literature, No. 30, Piccadilly.

Just published, by Messrs. Dulau and Co. Foreign Bookellers, 37, Soho Square, the 2d edition of

**IL PARADISO PERDUTO.**

"It is a great and elegant composition: it is an honour to its author, and a novel treasure to the lovers of the Italian language."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Fidèle à l'expression, sans l'usage des mots à la parodie. La versification est pure, exacte, pleine d'élégance et d'harmonie."—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

In 8 vols. folio, 8vo. price 15s. boards.

**GUESSES AT TRUTH.**

By TWO BROTHERS.

"These volumes emanate from reflective, ingenious, and well-stored minds, and are alike void of affectation and pedantry. They are in fact the authors' thought-book, in which beauty, utility, philosophy, metaphysics, and religion, are by turns treated logically and playfully."—*Weekly Review*.

Printed for John Taylor, 80, Upper Row, Street, Bookbinder and Publisher to the University of London; and sold by James Duncan, Paternoster Row; J. A. Hensley, Fleet Street; and Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.



